FRONTISPIECE

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THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MR. BERQUIN,

BY LUCAS WILLIAMS, ESQ.

A NEW CORRECTED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

AND

EMBELLISHED WITH FORTY-FOUR COPPER PLATES.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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M.DCC.XCIII.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS work, upon its firſt appearance in the Engliſh language, having met with the moſt favourable reception, and been univerſally approved as one of the propereſt books that could be put into the hands of children; the publiſhers have been induced to bring forward a New Edition of it, but in a ſtate of conſiderable improvement; for beſides the inſertion of many original pieces not to be found in the former editions, the preſent has been corrected thoughout with the moſt ſcrupulous regard to expreſſion and uniformity, and may therefore be looked upon as almoſt entirely a new tranſlation.

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PREFACE

OF THE

TRANSLATOR.

THOUGH the taſk of writing to improve the minds of children may be leſs productive of literary fame than many other ſtudies, yet in its real importance and utility, it yields to none, even of the ſublimeſt ſpeculations. To impreſs the infant mind with a love of decency and virtue, to fortify it againſt the influence of prejudice and corruption, and at once to gratify the curioſity and improve the reaſon, is an undertaking which would not diſgrace the moſt enlightened underſtanding. If the eye of the philoſopher can be gratified in merely tracing the progreſs of organized bodies, from their earlieſt periods of exiſtence, to perfect maturity, how much greater muſt be the pleaſure of conſidering the gradual development of the nobleſt work of Providence, the human mind! A common eye, indeed, may view with in-

difference the ſports and agitations of children; their joys, their griefs, their paſſions, and their hopes, may appear too trivial to engage its attention; not ſo the man whoſe feeling renders him alive to all the intereſts of the ſpecies, whoſe penetration enables him to foreſee the mighty revolutions which may be produced by the virtues or vices of an individual. It was thus the philoſophic eye remarked in the youthful Alexander that vaſt ambition which was to ravage the globe, and change the fate of nations; it was thus that Pompedius Silo diſcovered in the infant Cato that ſtubborn and inflexible virtue, which ſo long oppoſed the tide of Cæſar's fortune, and ſupported the dying liberties of Rome.

But if the ſimple conſideration of future greatneſs or diſtinguiſhed virtue be thus agreeable to a cultivated mind, how much more intereſting muſt be the ſpectacle, when we conſider ourſelves as influencing no trifling part of the future drama. In this light may every man juſtly conſider himſelf, who devotes his talents and his aſſiduity to the ſervice of the riſing generation. How truly noble are thoſe exertions

which

which are thus directed to the ſervice of human nature, in the diſcharge of the moſt important, though leaſt attractive duties: and which neglecting fame, can offer up ambition itſelf, a voluntary ſacrifice to the intereſt of poſterity.

The author of the preſent work may deſervedly rank among the foremoſt of this deſerving claſs. His merit as a writer is ſo well eſtabliſhed upon the continent, and even in our own country, that it is almoſt ſuperfluous to ſay any thing upon the ſubject. His eaſy and elegant pen ſeems to be particularly adapted to deſcribe nature in its moſt beautiful forms. The lively paſſions, the volatile taſtes, the glowing colours, and the ſportive graces of blooming infancy, are all at his command. But here, for once, the copy may be allowed to exceed the original. His elegant pencil ſeems to have given a conſiſtency and permanency which nature hath denied. Under ſuch a maſter nothing is cold or inanimate; the very caprices and levities of infancy become intereſting ſcenes, which gradually warm the heart, and captivate the attention. The lighter and more ſportive parts of his

work, exhibit all the opening graces of the young Thalia; while Melpomene herſelf bluſhes with aſtoniſhment to find the variable paſſions and ſhort-lived diſtreſſes of an infant theatre ſo nearly reſemble her own.

We hope, therefore, that we ſhall offer no unacceptable preſent to the public, in giving a complete tranſlation of all theſe works of the admired M. BERQUIN. As to the accuracy of the tranſlation, it becomes us to be ſilent; nor do we pretend to any higher merit than that of being faithful imitators of a great original. It will be a ſufficient reward for all our labours, if they tend to naturalize ſo excellent a work in our own country; and if we can contribute to form the hearts, and improve the underſtandings, of the riſing generation.

THE

THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.

THE following work has a double object in view, to amuſe children, and at the ſame time to incline them naturally to virtue, by always preſenting it to them under the moſt amiable form. Inſtead of thoſe extravagant fictions, thoſe romantic and marvellous tales, which have ſo long contributed to lead the imaginations of children aſtray, we here exhibit to them only ſuch adventures as they may be witneſſes to in private life every day. The ſentiments with which the author endeavours to inſpire them are not above their capacities, and he repreſents them accompanied only by their equals, their parents, their play-fellows, the ſervants who are always about them, and the animals familiar to their view. They expreſs themſelves in their own native ſimplicity of lan-

guage, and in proportion as they are affected by the incidents deſcribed, they indulge the free movement of their little paſſions. Their puniſhments are made the conſequences of their own proper faults, and their rewards conſiſt in the pleaſure which they derive from their good actions. Every thing here diſpoſes them to love virtue for the ſake of their own happineſs, and to deter them from vice as from a ſource of ſorrows and mortification.

It is, perhaps, needleſs to remark, that this work is equally calculated for children of either ſex. The difference of their taſtes and characters is not yet at their age ſufficiently ſtrong to require to be differently delineated. Beſides, care has been taken to bring children of both ſexes together as often as poſſible, in order to produce that union and intimacy which we are ſo pleaſed to ſee ſubſiſt between brothers and ſiſters.

The author has endeavoured to introduce a variety in the different pieces which compoſe each volume. There is not one of them, the effect of which has not previouſly been tried on children more or leſs advanced in age and underſtanding, and every

every thing has been retrenched that did not ſeem ſufficiently to intereſt their feelings. Each volume of this work will contain little dramas, in which children are the principal characters, in order that they may learn to acquire a free unembarraſſed countenance, a gracefulneſs of attitude and deportment, and an eaſy manner of delivering themſelves before company. Beſides, the performance of theſe dramas will be a domeſtic recreation and amuſement. The parents having always ſome part to perform in them, will taſte the pleaſing delight of partaking in the diverſions of their young family; and from the gratitude of the latter, and the ſatisfaction of the parent, both will be mutually attached to each other by a bond of additional tenderneſs.

Independent of the moral utility of this work, with reſpect to children, it is obvious that there cannot be a more proper one to inſtruct them early in delivering their native language with eaſe and propriety. The greater part of thoſe books which are firſt put into their hands, are either above their comprehenſion, or totally remote from

their

their ideas and ſentiments. All the objects, on the contrary, here held up to their view, being of a nature ſufficiently intereſting to excite their curioſity, they will of courſe take pleaſure in the eaſy ſtudy of a work, which may render them familiar to the innocent turn of thought and expreſſion adapted to their age, and applied to deſcribe their amuſements, their purſuits, and their neceſſities.

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CHILDREN's FRIEND*.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

AH! if it would always continue to be winter! ſaid young Florio, who was juſt returned from ſliding, and was amuſing himſelf in the garden with making men of ſnow. Mr. Gardener his father, hearing theſe words, ſaid to him, My dear, you will do me a pleaſure to write down that wiſh in my pocket-book. Florio complied, and wrote while his hand trembled with cold.

* A book has appeared, under this title, written by Mr. WEISSE, one of the moſt celebrated poets of Germany. Select paſſages from it, as well as from the works of Meſſrs. CAMPE and SALZMANN, will be introduced in the following performance.

The winter paſſed away, and ſpring ſucceeded. Florio was walking along with his father beſide a border in the garden, where the hyacinth, auricula and narciſſus were in perfect bloom. He felt the moſt lively pleaſure in breathing their perfume, and admiring their freſh and lively colours. Theſe are the productions of Spring, ſaid Mr. Gardener to him. They are beautiful, but of very ſhort duration. Oh! replied Florio, that it were always Spring! Be ſo good as to write that wiſh in my book. Florio obeyed while his heart beat with joy. The Spring very ſoon made room for Summer. Florio, one fine day, went out to take a walk with his parents and ſome of his young acquaintance to a neighbouring village. Their walk afforded them a proſpect ſometimes of green corn fields, waving ſmoothly like a calm ſea lightly agitated by the breeze; and ſometimes of meadows enamelled with a thouſand flowers. On every ſide they beheld young lambs at play, and the higheſt ſpirited colts and fillies ſporting round their dams. They eat cherries, ſtrawberries, and other fruits of the ſeaſon, and paſſed the whole day in amuſing

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amuſing themſelves in the fields. Do not you think, Florio, ſaid Mr. Gardener, as they were returning to town, that the Summer too hath its pleaſures! Oh! replied he, I wiſh it would laſt all the year; and at the requeſt of his father he wrote down this wiſh too in his pocket-book. At length the Autumn arrived. All the family went to ſpend a day in the country, at harveſt time. The weather was not quite ſo hot as in Summer; the air was mild, and the ſky clear. The gardens and orchards were loaded with fruits. The round plump melons from their rich beds diffuſed a delicious odour; and the branches of the pear-trees bent under the weight of the fineſt pears. This was a day of feaſting for Florio, who loved nothing ſo much as grapes, melons and peaches; and he had the additional pleaſure of gathering them himſelf. This fine ſeaſon, ſaid his father to him, will ſoon paſs away. Winter is advancing towards us very faſt, to deprive us of the Autumn. Ah! anſwered Florio, I wiſh it would ſtop ſhort in its approach, and Autumn never leave us.

Mr. Gard. Should you be glad of that, Florio?

Florio. Oh! very glad, papa, I promiſe you.

But, replied his father, taking out his pocket-book, caſt your eye a little on what is written here. Read it out!

Florio. (reads.) *Ah! if it would always continue to be Winter!*

Mr. Gard. Now let us look a few leaves further.

Florio. (reads.) *Oh, that it were always Spring!*

Mr. Gard. And on the next leaf what do we find?

Florio. (reads.) *I wiſh that the Summer would laſt all the year!*

Mr. Gard. Do you recollect whoſe hand this is?

Florio. It is mine.

Mr. Gard. And what was your wiſh but juſt now?

Florio. That the Winter would ſtop ſhort in its approach, and Autumn never leave us.

Mr. Gard. This is ſomething particular. In the Winter, you deſired that it might be

be always Winter; in the Spring, that it might always be Spring; in Summer, that that ſeaſon would always continue; and now, in Autumn, you wiſh that it may always be Autumn. Do you reflect what concluſion may be drawn from all this?

Florio. That all the ſeaſons of the year are good.

Mr. Gard. Yes, my ſon, they are all bleſt with plenteous increaſe, and variety of pleaſures: and God knows much better how to govern the ſyſtem of nature than we, limited beings as we are. If it had depended only on you laſt Winter, we ſhould never have had any more Spring, nor Summer, nor Autumn. You would have covered the earth with eternal ſnows, and never felt any other pleaſure than that of ſliding, or making men of ſnow. Of how many enjoyments would you not have been deprived by ſuch a diſpoſition of things! We are happy that it is not in our power to regulate the courſe of nature. Every thing would be loſt which was intended for our happineſs, if our own raſh vows were heard.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

FANNY aroſe one morning very early, intending to go and gather ſome flowers in the garden, and to make a noſegay of them to carry to her mama, who was then in bed. As ſhe was juſt preparing to go down ſtairs, Mr. Glaſsford her father entered her chamber ſmiling, and took her up in his arms, ſaying, " Good morning, my dear Fanny! come along with me directly; I am going to ſhew you ſomething which you will certainly be very glad to ſee." Fanny eagerly aſked, " What is it, papa?" " God has given you a little brother laſt night," anſwered he. " A little brother? Ah! where is he? Let me ſee him! Pray carry me to him directly!" Her father opened the door of the chamber in which her mother lay. There was beſide the bed a ſtrange woman whom Fanny had never before ſeen in the houſe, and who was dreſſing the new-born infant. Fanny aſked a thouſand queſtions, which her father anſwered as well as he was able; and thought he

he had ſatisfied her curioſity in every thing, when ſhe ſaid to him, "Papa, who is that old woman? how ſhe pulls my little brother about! Are not you afraid ſhe will hurt him!"

Mr. G. Oh, no; never fear. It is an honeſt woman that I have ſent for to take care of him.

Fanny. But he belongs to mama. Has ſhe ſeen him yet?

Mrs. G. (drawing back the curtain of her bed.) Yes, Fanny, I have ſeen him. Tell me, are not you glad to ſee him?

Fanny. Oh, indeed I am, mama. You have given me a very pretty young companion! what a cunning little face he has! and all red, as if he had juſt been running. Papa, will you let him play with me?

Mr. G. That is not poſſible, my dear, he cannot ſtand upon his little legs. You ſee how weak they are,

Fanny. Oh dear! the little legs! I ſee it will be a long time before we ſhall run about together.

Mr. G. All in good time. He muſt firſt learn to walk; and then you will ſoon be

able to play and jump together in the garden.

Fanny. Shall we? O my poor little fellow! I muſt give you ſomething to make you fond of me. Hold; I have a little picture in my pocket. There, take that. What is the matter, papa? the little fellow will not have it. He holds his little hands ſhut.

Mr. G. He does not know how to uſe them yet. We muſt wait a few months.

Fanny. Is that the caſe? aha! my little man, I will give you all my play-things. Well! are you glad of that? anſwer me. He ſeems to ſmile. Call me Fanny! What, wont you ſpeak?

Mr. G. He will not be able to ſpeak theſe two years. But Fanny, take care that you do not diſturb your mama with too much talk.

Fanny. Ah! papa, look there, his face is quite changed; ſee, he cries; certainly it is becauſe he is hungry. Be quiet then, my little man, and I will go get you ſomething nice.

Mr. G. Do not trouble yourſelf, my dear, about

about his victuals. He has no teeth yet. How ſhould he be able to eat?

Fanny. Cannot he eat? What will he live upon then? Muſt he die?

Mrs. G. No my child. God has given me milk in my breaſt for the nouriſhment of your little brother. He is very weak as yet; but after ſome time you ſhall ſee how he will tumble about on the floor, like a little lamb.

Fanny. How I long to ſee that! But only look what a pretty tiny head! I dare not touch it.

Mr. G. You may touch it; but very gently.

Fanny. Oh! quite gently. Oh dear! how ſoft it is! like a ball of cotton.

Mr. G. Every little child has ſuch a head as your brother.

Fanny. If he was to fall he would break it all to pieces.

Mrs. G. Certainly. But we will take good care to hold him, ſo that he ſhall not fall.

Mr. G. Do you know, Fanny, that five years ago you were as little as he?

Fanny. As little as he! Oh, papa, you are joking.

Mr. G. No, my dear; nothing is more true.

Fanny. Yet I do not remember it.

Mr. G. That I believe. Do you remember when I had this carpet put on the floor?

Fanny. Why it has always been as it is now.

Mr. G. Not at all. I had this carpet laid down at the very time when you were as little as your brother.

Fanny. Indeed! then I never took notice of it.

Mr. G. Little babies never take notice of what paſſes where they are. When your brother ſhall be as old as you, aſk him if he remembers that you tried this day to make him learn to pronounce your name. You will then ſee if he recollects it.

Fanny. What, and did I ſuck at mama's breaſt too?

Mr. G. Certainly. If you knew all the pains that ſhe has taken for you! In the firſt place you were ſo weak that you could ſcarce take any nouriſhment. We were afraid every moment that you would die before our faces. Your mother uſed to ſay, My poor infant! if ſhe ſhould fall into a fit!

and

and believe me ſhe took infinite pains to get you to ſuck a few drops of milk.

Fanny. Ah, dear mama! it was you then that taught me to feed myſelf?

Mr. G. Yes, my child. Then after your mother had ſucceeded in making you take to the breaſt of yourſelf, you grew fat and good-humoured. Such were her cares for near two years, every day, and every hour of the day. Sometimes, when your mot her was fallen aſleep merely through fatigue, you would diſturb her reſt by your cries. Then would ſhe be obliged to riſe and run to your cradle. My dear Fanny, would ſhe ſay, while ſhe endeavoured to quiet you, ſurely you muſt be thirſty, and then ſhe would take you to her breaſt.

Fanny. And was my head at that time as ſoft as my brother's?

Mr. G. Juſt the ſame, my dear.

Fanny. What mine! that is ſo hard now? Oh dear, I muſt have broken it a thouſand times.

Mr. G. Ah! child; we took too much care of you for that. Your mother for a time renounced every pleaſure, and kept from all company, on purpoſe not to loſe

you a moment from her ſight. As often as buſineſs, that was abſolutely indiſpenſable, obliged her to go out, ſhe was in continual apprehenſion for you. My dear Grace, ſhe would ſay to your nurſe, I give Fanny into your care, to look to her as if it were your own child; and ſhe was continually making the good woman preſents, to induce her to take more particular care of you.

Fanny. Ah! my dear good mama!—But was there ever a time, papa, when I could not run? I that can run ſo well now. See; in three or four ſteps I am acroſs the room. Who was it that taught me this?

Mr. G. Your mother and I. We put a bandage of velvet well ſtuffed about your head, that if you happened to fall you might not hurt yourſelf. We then held you by leading-ſtrings to aſſiſt your firſt attempts in walking, and every day we went into the garden upon the graſs-plat, where placing ourſelves oppoſite to each other, at a little diſtance, we ſet you down betwixt us, ſtanding all alone, and held out our arms to invite you to come ſometimes to one, ſometimes to the other. Your ſlighteſt ſtumble would make our blood run cold. It was by

often repeating theſe trials that we taught you to walk.

Fanny. I could never have thought that I gave you ſo much trouble. Was it you too that taught me to ſpeak?

Mr. G. Yes; for that again you are indebted to us. I uſed to take you upon my knees, and repeat to you the words papa and mama, until you were able to liſp them to me again. Every word that you can ſpeak this day we taught you in the ſame manner. I dare ſay you can recollect that it was we alſo who ſhewed you how to read.

Fanny. Oh! I remember that perfectly. You had me placed every day at dinner between you; and at the deſſert, a plate of raiſins was ſet upon the table, and ſome ſmall ſquares marked with the letters. Whenever I was ſo lucky as to name them perfectly, you always gave me ſome raiſins. Oh! it was a very pretty play.

Mr. G. If we had not taken all theſe pains with you, if we had left you to yourſelf, what would have become of you?

Fanny. I ſhould have been dead a long time ago. Ah, the dear good papa and mama!

Mr.

Mr. G. And yet you ſometimes vex your papa; you are ſometimes diſobedient to your mama!

Fanny. I will never be ſo any more as long as I live. I did not know how much you had done for me.

Mr. G. Take notice of the attention that we ſhall pay to your little brother, and then ſay to yourſelf, "I too have given my parents the ſame trouble."

This converſation made a lively impreſſion upon Fanny; and when ſhe ſaw all the tenderneſs which her mother teſtified for her little brother; all the anxiety that ſhe felt for his health; the patience which ſhe exerted in endeavouring to make him take his nouriſhment; how much ſhe was afflicted whenever ſhe heard him cry; with what tender anxiety her father relieved her of ſome part of her fatigue; and how both one and the other took infinite pains in teaching the infant to walk and ſpeak; ſhe would ſay in her own mind, My dear parents have taken the ſame trouble with me. This reflection inſpired her with ſo much affection and gratitude towards them, that ſhe ever after faithfully obſerved the promiſe

miſe which ſhe had made, never willingly to cauſe them the ſlighteſt uneaſineſs.

THE BUSHES.

ONE fine evening in the month of May, Mr. Ogilby was ſitting with Algernon, his ſon, upon the ſide of a ſmall hill, from whence he pointed out to him the beauties of nature as they lay before him. The ſetting ſun, in taking his laſt adieu, ſeemed to have clothed every thing in a robe of purple. They were rouſed from this pleaſing meditation by the chearful ſong of a ſhepherd who was driving back his bleating flock from a neighbouring field. On each ſide of his road there grew up thorn-buſhes which no ſheep approached without leaving upon them ſome part of her fleece. Little Algernon grew quite angry at thoſe robbers. Do you ſee, papa, cried he, thoſe buſhes, how they rob the ſheep of their wool? Why did God make thoſe ill-natured brambles? or why do not all men join with one accord to deſtroy them? If

the poor ſheep come back this ſame way again, they will leave the reſt of their cloathing upon them. But I will riſe to-morrow at break of day, and come with my bill-hook, and ſnip-ſnap, cut all thoſe briars down to the ground. You ſhall come with me, papa, and bring a little axe, and the whole ſhall be finiſhed before breakfaſt.

We will think of your project, anſwered Mr. Ogilby. But in the mean time do not be unjuſtly angry with thoſe buſhes. Remember what we do about Lammas.

Alger. What do we do then? papa.

Mr. Ogilby. Have you not ſeen the ſhepherds arm themſelves with great ſhears, and rob the trembling ſheep, not of a few locks of wool only, but of their whole fleece?

Alger. That is very true, papa, becauſe they want it to make themſelves clothes; but thoſe buſhes rob them out of mere ſpite, and without having the leaſt occaſion for it.

Mr. Ogilby. You don't know what purpoſe theſe bits of wool may ſerve to them; but ſuppoſing that they ſerved none, has a perſon any right to appropriate a thing to himſelf merely becauſe he wants it?

Alger.

Alger. But I have heard you ſay, papa, that ſheep naturally loſe their fleeces about that time of the year; then it is much better to take it for our uſe, than to ſuffer it to fall off quite uſeleſs.

Mr. Ogilby. Your remark is juſt. Nature hath given all beaſts a clothing, and we are obliged to borrow ours from them, unleſs we chuſe to go quite naked, and remain expoſed to the inclemency of the Winter.

Alger. But a buſh has no occaſion for clothing. So you ſee, papa, we muſt not give up our deſign. I ſhall certainly cut all theſe thorns down to-morrow. You will come along with me, won't you?

Mr. Ogilby. With all my heart. Come then, now for to-morrow morning by break of day.

Algernon, who fancied himſelf already an hero, merely from the thought of deſtroying with his little arm this legion of robbers, he could hardly ſleep, he was ſo taken up with his victories of the next day. Scarce had the chearful ſinging of the birds that perched on the trees near his windows announced the return of the dawn, before he haſted to awake his father. Mr. Ogilby, on the

the other hand, though indifferent as to the fate of the thorn buſhes, yet, pleaſed with the opportunity of ſhewing to his ſon the beauties of the opening day, was no leſs eager to quit his bed. They dreſſed themſelves haſtily, took their inſtruments, and ſet forward on the expedition. Algernon went before with an air of triumph, and Mr. Ogilby had ſome difficulty to keep up with him. As they approached the buſhes, they ſaw a number of little birds flying backwards and forwards amongſt them, and fluttering about the branches. Softly! ſaid Mr. Ogilby to his ſon. Let us ſuſpend our vengeance for a moment, for fear of diſturbing thoſe innocent creatures. Let us go up again to that part of the hill where we ſat yeſterday evening, and examine what it is that thoſe birds ſeem to ſeek ſo buſily. They went up the hill, ſeated themſelves, and looked on. They ſaw that the birds were employed in carrying away thoſe bits of wool in their beaks, which the buſhes had torn from the ſheep the evening before. There came multitudes of yellow-hammers, chaffinches, linnets, and nightingales, who loaded themſelves with this plunder. What

is

is the meaning of that? cried Algernon, quite aſtoniſhed. It means, replied his father, that providence takes care of the ſmalleſt creatures, and furniſhes them with every expedient for their happineſs and preſervation. You ſee, the poor birds find here a lining for the habitation which they prepare for their young. They make ready, you ſee, a very comfortable bed for themſelves and their little family. Thus the honeſt thorn-buſh, againſt which you were ſo eaſily provoked yeſterday, unites the inhabitants of the air with thoſe of the earth. He takes from the rich his ſuperfluities, to ſatisfy the wants of the poor. Will you come now, and cut him down? Heaven forbid, cried Algernon. You are right, my ſon, replied Mr. Ogilby. Let him flouriſh in peace, ſince he makes ſo generous a uſe of his conqueſts.

JOSEPH.

THERE lived once in Briſtol a crazy perſon whoſe name was Joſeph. He never went out without having five or ſix wigs

wigs on his head at once, and as many muffs upon each of his arms. Though his ſenſes were diſordered, he was not miſchievous, and muſt be teazed a long time to be put in a paſſion. Whenever he walked the ſtreets, a number of troubleſome little boys would come out of the houſes and follow him, crying, Joſeph! Joſeph! how do you ſell your wigs and your muffs? Some of them were even ſo ill-natured as to throw ſtones at him. Though Joſeph commonly bore all theſe inſults very quietly, yet he was ſometimes ſo tormented that he would fall into a fury, and take up ſtones or handfuls of dirt to throw at the rabble of boys. Such a combat as this happened one day before the houſe of Mr. Denham. The noiſe drew him to the window, and he beheld with grief his own ſon Henry engaged in the fray. As ſoon as he perceived this, he ſhut down the ſaſh, and went into another chamber. At dinner, Mr. Denham ſaid to his ſon Henry, Who was that man that you was running and hallooing after?

Henry. You know him very well, papa. It is the crazy man called Joſeph.

Mr.

Mr. Denham. Poor man! What can have occaſioned this misfortune to him?

Henry. They ſay that it was a lawſuit for a great eſtate. He was ſo grieved at loſing it, that he loſt his ſenſes too.

Mr. Denham. If you had known this man at the very time when he was ſtript of his eſtate, and if he had ſaid to you, My dear Henry, I am unfortunate; I have juſt loſt an inheritance which I long enjoyed peaceably; all my property is gone to ſupport the expence of a law-ſuit; I have now neither town-houſe nor country-houſe; in ſhort, nothing upon earth left. Would you have laughed at him then?

Henry. God forbid! who could be ſo wicked as to laugh at a man in his misfortunes! I ſhould much rather have endeavoured to comfort him.

Mr. Denham. What, then, is he happier now, when he has loſt his reaſon beſides?

Henry. On the contrary, he is much more to be pitied.

Mr. Denham. And yet this day you inſulted and threw ſtones at an unfortunate man, whom you would have endeavoured to comfort when he was leſs an object of pity.

Henry

Henry. My dear papa, I have done wrong; forgive me!

Mr. Denham. I pardon you willingly, if you are ſorry for your fault. But my pardon is not ſufficient. There is another whoſe forgiveneſs you have ſtill to aſk.

Henry. You mean Joſeph.

Mr. Denham. And why Joſeph?

Henry. Becauſe I offended him.

Mr. Denham. If Joſeph had retained his ſenſes, it would certainly be his pardon that you ſhould demand; but as he is not able to underſtand what is meant by pardon, it were uſeleſs to addreſs yourſelf to him. Yet you think that every one ſhould aſk pardon of thoſe whom he has offended?

Henry. So you have taught me, papa.

Mr. Denham. And do you know who it is that has commanded us to have compaſſion upon the unfortunate?

Henry. God.

Mr. Denham. And yet you have not ſhewn compaſſion to poor Joſeph: on the contrary, you have aggravated his miſery by your inſults. Do you think that ſuch conduct does not offend God?

Henry. Yes, I acknowledge it, and will aſk

aſk forgiveneſs of him to-night in my prayers.

Henry kept his word; he repented of his fault, and at night aſked pardon of God from the bottom of his heart. And he not only ceaſed to trouble Joſeph for ſeveral weeks himſelf, but he hindered alſo others of his comrades from inſulting him. In ſpite of his fair reſolutions, however, he happened one day to mix in the rabble of boys who were following him. 'Tis true, it was purely out of curioſity, and only to ſee the tricks that they played upon this poor man. Now and then he could not refrain from hallooing like the reſt, Joſeph! Joſeph! And by degrees came to be the foremoſt in the mob. At length, Joſeph's patience being tired by the ſhouts that purſued him, he turned ſhort about, and taking up a large ſtone, threw it at Henry with ſuch violence that it grazed his cheek, and almoſt cut off part of his ear. He returned home all over blood, and roaring heartily. It is a juſt puniſhment on you from God, ſaid Mr. Denham. But, replied Henry, Why have I alone been hurt, while my companions, who uſed him much worſe than I did,

I did, have not been puniſhed? The reaſon is, anſwered his father, that you knew better than the others, what a fault you were committing, and conſequently your offence was more criminal. It is very juſt that a child who knows the commands of God, and of his father, ſhould be doubly puniſhed, whenever he has ſuch a diſregard of his duty as to offend againſt them.

CECILIA AND MARIAN.

BEFORE the ſun had riſen above the horizon to enliven with his ſplendor one of the fineſt mornings of the ſpring, young Cecilia went down into her father's garden to taſte with more appetite, as ſhe roved through its walks, the ſweetneſs of a little cake of which ſhe intended to make her breakfaſt.

Every thing that could add to the beauties of the riſing day united to charm her. The pure breath of zephyr, while it diffuſed a calm around, refreſhed every ſenſe. Her palate was feaſted with ſweets; her eye with

with the lively freſhneſs of the ſpringing verdure; her ſmell with the balmy perfume of a thouſand flowers; and that her ear alone might not be without its ſhare of delight, two nightingales perching near her on the top of a green arbour, charmed her with their morning ſong. Cecilia was ſo tranſported with all theſe delicious ſenſations that her fine eyes were bedewed with a moiſture which, however, reſted on her eye-lids without dropping in tears. Her heart felt a ſoft emotion and was impreſſed with feelings of tenderneſs and benevolence. All at once this agreeable calm was interrupted by the ſound of ſteps, and a little girl came forward towards the ſame walk, eating with great appetite a piece of coarſe brown bread. As ſhe, too, came into the garden for amuſement, her eyes wandered from one object to another, without being fixed on any; ſo that ſhe came cloſe up to Cecilia before ſhe perceived her. On ſeeing who it was, ſhe ſtopped ſhort a moment, and looked down; then like a young deer that is frightened, and almoſt as ſwift as one, ſhe run back again with all her ſpeed. Stop, ſtop, cried Cecilia, wait for me; why

do you run away? But theſe words made the little wild creature fly ſtill faſter. Cecilia purſued; but, as ſhe was leſs uſed to running, could not poſſibly come up with her. Luckily the little ſtranger had turned up another walk; and that in which Cecilia was, led directly to the garden gate. Cecilia, as ſenſible as ſhe was pretty, ſlipped ſoftly along by a cloſe hedge that bordered the walk, and reached the end of it juſt as the little girl was going to paſs by. She caught hold of her unawares, crying, Ah! now you are my priſoner. Oh! I have you faſt, you cannot eſcape now. The little girl ſtruggled to get out of her hands. Do not be ill-natured, ſaid Cecilia to her; if you knew how well I mean to uſe you, I am ſure you would not be ſo ſhy. Come, my good child, come along with me for a moment. Theſe friendly words, and ſtill more, the gentle tone of voice with which they were pronounced, encouraged the little ſtranger, and ſhe followed Cecilia into a ſummer-houſe that was near.

Is your father alive? ſaid Cecilia, making her ſit down beſide her.

Marian. Yes, Miſs.

Cec.

Cec. And what does he follow?

Marian. Any trade at all to earn his bread. He came to day to work in your garden, and has brought me with him.

Cec. Oh! I ſee him down there, upon the lettuce-bed. It is fat Thomas. But what are you eating for your breakfaſt? Let me ſee; I want to taſte your bread. Oh dear! how it ſcrapes my throat! Why does not your father give you better than this?

Marian. Becauſe he has not ſo much money as your papa.

Cec. But then he earns ſome by his work, and he could afford you houſhold bread, or elſe ſomething along with this to make it palatable.

Marian. Yes, if I was his only child; but there are five of us, and we all eat heartily; and then one wants a frock, and another a jacket, and that makes my father quite at a loſs what to do. Sometimes he ſays, 'tis all in vain for me to work, I ſhall never earn enough to feed and clothe this young fry.

Cec. Then you never eat any plum-cake?

Marian. Plum cake? what is that?

Cec. See, here is ſome in my hand.

Marian. La! I never ſaw any before in my life.

Cec. Taſte a little of it. Don't be afraid. You ſee I eat it.

Marian, (joyfully.) Oh! dear Miſs, how good it is.

Cec. I believe ſo. My good girl, what is your name?

Marian, (riſing, and making her a low curtſey.) Marian, Miſs, at your ſervice.

Cec. Well, my good Marian, ſtop here for me a moment. I am going to aſk ſomething from my governeſs for you, and will return immediately. But don't you go away.

Marian. Oh! no; I am not afraid of you now.

Cecilia ran to her governeſs and begged her to give her ſome currant jelly for a little girl who had nothing but dry bread for breakfaſt. The governeſs was pleaſed with the good-nature of her amiable pupil. She gave her ſome in a cup, and a ſmall roll at the ſame time; and Cecilia ran with all her ſpeed to carry Marian this breakfaſt. Well, ſaid

ſaid ſhe, as ſhe came up, have I made you wait long? Here, my good child, take this; lay down your brown bread, you will eat enough of that another time.

Marian, (taſting the jelly, and licking her lips.) It is like ſugar. I never taſted any thing ſo ſweet.

Cecilia. I am glad that you like it. I was pretty ſure it would pleaſe you.

Marian. What, do you eat ſuch as this every day? Ah! we poor people do not know what it is to taſte it.

Cec. I am ſorry for that. Hark ye, come to ſee me now and then, I will always give you ſome. But bleſs me, how healthy you look! Are you never ſick?

Marian. Sick, what I? no never.

Cec. Do you never catch cold? or feel your head ſtuffed?

Marian. What ſickneſs is that?

Cec. When one is always coughing, and blowing one's noſe.

Marian. Oh, yes, that happens to me ſometimes, but it is not a ſickneſs.

Cec. And do they make you keep your bed then?

Marian. Ha! ha! my mother, I dare

ſay, would make a fine noiſe if I were to take it in my head to be lazy.

Cec. Why, what work can you do? You are ſo little.

Marian. Muſt not I go in the winter to get ſtraw for our cow, and dry ſticks to make the pot boil? and in ſummer muſt I not go to weed the corn, and in harveſt time to glean and pull hops? Ah, Miſs, we are never at a loſs for work.

Cec. And are your ſiſters, too, as healthy as you?

Marian. Oh! we are all hearty, and as full of play as little mice.

Cec. Well, now I am glad of that; I was at firſt afraid that God took no care of ſo many poor children; but ſince you have your health, I ſee that he has not forgotten you. I am very well, too, in health, though certainly not ſo ſtrong as you; but, child, you go barefoot; why do not you wear ſhoes and ſtockings?

Marian. Becauſe it would coſt my father too much money, if he was to give them to us all; ſo he gives none of us any.

Cec. And are not you afraid of hurting yourſelf?

Marian.

Marian. I never once mind it. God Almighty made the ſoles of my feet hard, like ſhoes.

Cec. I ſhould not like to lend you mine; but how comes it that you have left off eating?

Marian. The time has paſt away in talk. I muſt now go and gather ſome greens for our cow. It will ſoon be eight o'clock, and ſhe waits for her breakfaſt.

Cec. Well; take the reſt of your roll with you; ſtop a moment; I will take out the crumb, and you ſhall put the jelly into the hollow of the cruſt.

Marian. I will carry it to my youngeſt ſiſter. Oh! ſhe will not be nice about it; ſhe won't leave the leaſt crumb, when once ſhe taſtes it.

Cec. Now I love you better than ever for thinking of your little ſiſter.

Marian. I never get any thing good but I give her part. Good bye, Miſs.

Cec. Good bye, Marian; but remember to come here to-morrow at the ſame hour.

Marian. If my mother does not ſend me ſomewhere elſe, I'll warrant I ſhall not fail.

Cecilia had now taſted the happineſs of doing good. She walked a little longer in the garden, thinking how happy ſhe had made Marian, how grateful Marian had ſhewed herſelf, and how pleaſed her little ſiſter would be to taſte currant jelly. What will it be, ſaid ſhe, when I give her ſome ribbands and a necklace! Mama gave me ſome the other day that were pretty enough; but I am tired of them now. Then I'll look in my drawers for ſome old things to give her. We are juſt of a ſize, and my ſlips would fit her charmingly. Oh! how I long to ſee her well dreſt.

Next morning Marian ſlipped into the garden again. Cecilia gave her ſome gingerbread that ſhe had bought for her. Marian did not fail to come every day, and Cecilia thought of nothing but new dainties to give her. When her pocket-money was out, ſhe begged her mama to order her ſomething out of the pantry, and her mother conſented with pleaſure. It happened however, one day, that Cecilia received an anſwer which grieved her. She was entreating her mother to advance her a little of her weekly allowance to buy ſhoes and ſtockings

ſtockings for Marian, that ſhe might not go barefoot. No, my dear Cecilia, anſwered her mother. And why, mama?—I will tell you at dinner my reaſons for wiſhing that you would be a little more ſparing towards your favourite. Cecilia was ſurprized at this refuſal. She never longed ſo much for dinner-time as that day. At length they ſat down to table. Dinner was half over before her mother ſpoke a word concerning Marian. At length, however, a diſh of ſhrimps that was ſerved up furniſhed Mrs. Allen with an opportunity of beginning the converſation thus.

Mrs. A. Ah! here is my Cecilia's favourite diſh, is it not? I am glad they have brought ſome up to-day.

Cec. Yes, mama, I like ſhrimps very well, and at this ſeaſon they are good.

Mrs. A. I dare ſay that Marian would like them ſtill better than you do.

Cec. Ah! my poor Marian! I ſuppoſe ſhe has never ſeen any. If ſhe was only to look at theſe long whiſkers, ſhe would be frightened; oh! *ſo* frightened! I think I ſee her running away with all her ſpeed. Mama, if you will give me leave, I ſhould

be curious to ſee how ſhe would look. There, I will take only two for her, two of the ſmalleſt.

Mrs. A. I am almoſt unwilling to conſent to your requeſt.

Cec. Why ſo, mama? You that do good to every body? I aſked you this morning, too, for a little money to buy ſhoes and ſtockings for Marian, and you refuſed me. Marian ſurely muſt have vexed you. Has ſhe done any miſchief in the garden? oh! I ſhall be ſure to ſcold her.

Mrs. A. No, my dear Cecilia, Marian has not diſpleaſed me. But do you wiſh by your kindneſs to her to make her happy or unhappy?

Cec. Happy, mama. God forbid that I ſhould wiſh the contrary.

Mrs. A. I could wiſh, too, with all my heart, to ſee her more fortunate, ſince ſhe has gained your eſteem. But is it true, Cecilia, that ſhe eats her bread quite dry for breakfaſt?

Cec. It is very true, mama. I would not deceive you.

Mrs. A. How! and has ſhe been content with it till now?

Cec.

Cec. O dear! yes, and I never eat a tart with more pleaſure than ſhe eats her brown bread.

Mrs. A. Then I ſhould think ſhe has a good appetite. But I can hardly imagine that ſhe goes barefoot.

Cec. I have always ſeen her barefoot. Aſk the gardener elſe.

Mrs. A. Then ſhe makes them all over blood, when ſhe walks on the gravel or pebbles.

Cec. Not at all. She runs about in the garden like a little deer; and ſhe ſays, laughing, that God Almighty has made the ſoles of her feet hard, like a pair of ſhoes.

Mrs. A. I know that you never tell ſtories, but I confeſs that I can hardly believe what you ſay now. I ſhould be glad to ſee the wry faces that my Cecilia would make in eating her bread quite dry, without butter or ſweetmeats.

Cec. Oh! I know it would ſtick in my throat.

Mrs. A. Nor ſhould I be leſs curious to ſee how ſhe would ſet about walking barefoot.

Cec. Well then, mama, do not be angry,

but yeſterday I had a mind to try. Being all alone in the garden, I took off my ſhoes and ſtockings to walk barefoot. I felt my feet ſadly hurt, but ſtill I walked on. At laſt I ſtruck againſt a ſtone. Oh! that did ſo pain me, that I went back as ſoftly as I could, and put on my ſhoes and ſtockings, and I promiſed fairly never to walk barefoot again. My poor Marian! yet ſhe is ſo all the ſummer.

Mrs. A. But how comes it, then, that you cannot eat dry bread, nor walk barefoot as ſhe does?

Cec. The thing is, perhaps, that I am not uſed to it.

Mrs. A. Why then, if ſhe uſes herſelf, like you, to eat ſweet things, and to wear ſhoes and ſtockings, and afterwards if the brown bread ſhould go againſt her, and ſhe ſhould not be able to walk barefoot, do you think that you would have done her any great ſervice?

Cec. No, mama: but I mean that ſhe ſhall never be obliged to do ſo again all her life-time.

Mrs. A. A very generous deſign! and will your pocket-money be ſufficient for that?

Cec.

Cec. Oh! yes, mama, if you will only add ever ſo little to it.

Mrs. A. You know that my heart is never againſt helping the diſtreſt, whenever an occaſion offers. But is Marian the only child that you know in neceſſity?

Cec. Nay, I know many others beſide. There are two, eſpecially, juſt by in the village, that have neither father nor mother.

Mrs. A. And they without doubt ſtand much in need of aſſiſtance.

Cec. Oh! they do, indeed, mama.

Mrs. A. But if you give Marian every thing, if you feed her with biſcuits and ſweetmeats, while you let the reſt die with hunger, will there be much juſtice and humanity in that management?

Cec. But now and then I ſhall be able to give them ſomething. Yet, after all, I love Marian beſt.

Mrs. A. If you were to die, and Marian had been uſed to enjoy every indulgence —

Cec. I am pretty ſure that ſhe would cry for my death.

Mrs. A. Yes, I am convinced of that. But then would ſhe fall into indigence again,

again, and perhaps be obliged to do ſome diſgraceful action, in order to live well and dreſs well as before. Who would then have the blame of her ruin?

Cec. (ſorrowfully.) I ſhould, mama. So then I muſt never give her any thing again?

Mrs. A. I do not think ſo; however, I ſhould imagine that you would do well to give her ſweet things ſeldomer, and to make her a preſent rather of a good coat.

Cec. Why, I was thinking of it. I will give her, if you pleaſe, one of my frocks.

Mrs. A. I ſuppoſe your muſlin ſlip would would become her ſurpriſingly; eſpecially without ſhoes or ſtockings.

Cec. Oh! every body would point at her. How ſhall we do then?

Mrs. A. If I were in your place, I would be ſparing in my amuſements for ſome time, and when I had ſaved a little money, would lay it out in buying whatever was moſt neceſſary for her. The ſtuff that poor children wear, is not very expenſive.

Cecilia followed her mother's advice. Marian came ſeldomer indeed to ſee her about breakfaſt time, but Cecilia made her

other preſents that were more uſeful. At one time ſhe would give her an apron, another time a petticoat, and ſhe paid the ſchoolmaſter of the village ſo much a month for her ſchooling, that ſhe might improve herſelf perfectly in reading. Marian was ſo ſenſible of theſe kindneſſes, that ſhe grew every day more tenderly attached to Cecilia. She came frequently to ſee her, and would ſay to her, Have you any commands for me? Is there any work that I can do for you? And whenever Cecilia gave her an opportunity of doing any ſlight ſervice, it was pleaſing to ſee with what joy Marian exerted herſelf to oblige her. One day ſhe came to the garden gate to wait for Cecilia's coming down, but Cecilia did not come. Marian came back again, but could not ſee Cecilia. She returned two days ſucceſſively, but no Cecilia appeared. Poor Marian was diſconſolate, not finding her benefactreſs. Ah! ſaid ſhe, can it be that ſhe does not love me? I have perhaps vexed her without meaning it. I am ſure, if I knew in what, I would aſk her pardon, for I could not live without loving her. Juſt then Mrs. Allen's maid came out.

Marian

Marian ſtopped her. Where is Miſs Cecilia? aſked ſhe. Miſs Cecilia? replied the woman. She has, perhaps, not long to live. I am afraid that ſhe is in her laſt moments. She has the ſmall-pox. O dear heart! cried Marian, I won't let her die: and running to the ſtairs, ſhe flies up into Mrs. Allen's chamber. Madam, ſaid ſhe, for God's ſake tell me where is Miſs Cecilia? I muſt ſee her. Mrs. Allen would have ſtopped Marian, but the door being half open, ſhe had a ſight of Cecilia's bed, and was already by her ſide. Cecilia was in a violent fever, alone, and very low in ſpirits; for all her little acquaintances had forſaken her. Marian, drowned in tears, took her hand, ſqueezed it in hers, and kiſſed it; ſaying, Ah! is it thus I find you! Do not die, I pray you; what would become of me, were I to loſe you? I will ſtay with you night and day. I will watch over you, and ſerve you; will you allow me? Cecilia, ſqueezing her hand, ſignified to her that ſhe would do her a pleaſure in ſtaying conſtantly with her. Marian was now become, with the conſent of Mrs. Allen, Cecilia's nurſe; and performed this part to admiration.

tion. She had a ſmall bed made up for her cloſe beſide her little ſick friend, and never left her a moment. On the ſlighteſt expreſſion of pain from Cecilia, Marian roſe immediately to know what ſhe wanted. She gave her, with her own hands, the medicines ordered her by the phyſicians. Sometimes ſhe would go and gather bulruſhes, to amuſe her by making handſome little ruſh baſkets while ſhe looked on. Sometimes ſhe would tumble all Mrs. Allen's library over, to find pictures for her in the books. She exerted her imagination in ſearch of every thing that was capable of diverting Cecilia from the ſenſe of her illneſs. Cecilia had her eyes cloſed by the diſorder for near a week. This time appeared to her very tedious! but Marian told her ſtories of what happened in the village; and as ſhe had profited well by her leſſons at ſchool, read to her whatever ſhe thought would give her pleaſure. Now and then, too, ſhe addreſſed her with the moſt ſenſible conſolations. With a little patience ſhe would ſay, God Almighty will have pity upon you, as you have had pity on me. At theſe words ſhe would weep, then quickly drying her

her eyes, Will you let me ſing you a pretty ſong to divert you! Cecilia had only to make a ſign, and Marian would ſing her all the ſongs that ſhe had learned from the young country maids round about. Thus the time paſſed over, without hanging heavy on Cecilia. At length by degrees her health was re-eſtabliſhed: ſhe could open her eyes again: her lowneſs of ſpirits left her: the pock dried up, and her appetite returned. Her face was ſtill covered with red ſpots. Marian ſeemed to look at her with more pleaſure than ever, while ſhe thought how narrowly ſhe had miſſed loſing her. Cecilia on the other hand regarded her with equal tenderneſs. How ſhall I be able to pay you, ſhe would ſay, to my ſatisfaction, for all that you have done for me? She aſked her mama in what manner ſhe might recompenſe her tender and faithful nurſe. Mrs. Allen, who was almoſt beſide herſelf with joy to ſee her dear child reſtored to health after ſo dangerous an illneſs, anſwered her, Leave it to me. I ſhall take the charge of acquitting both your obligations and mine to her. She gave private orders to have a complete ſuit

of

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MAR

Cook Sc

of clothes made for Marian, and Cecilia undertook to try it on her the firſt day that ſhe ſhould be allowed to go down into the garden. It was a day of rejoicing through the whole houſe. Mrs. Allen and all her family were tranſported with gladneſs at the recovery of Cecilia. Cecilia was delighted that ſhe had it in her power to recompence Marian: and Marian was out of her wits with joy to behold Cecilia once more in the ſame ſpot where their acquaintance had commenced, and beſides, to find herſelf new clad from head to foot.

THE SNOW.

AFTER many deceitful promiſes of its return, Spring at length arrived. A gentle breeze warmed the air. The ſnow was ſeen to melt, the fields to reſume their verdure, and the flowers to bud forth. The ſinging of birds was heard on every ſide. Little Louiſa was already gone out to the country with her father. She had heard the firſt ſongs of the blackbird and the linnet,

net, and ſhe had gathered ſome of the earlieſt violets. But the weather changed once more. There aroſe ſuddenly a violent north-wind, that whiſtled through the groves, and covered the roads with ſnow. Little Louiſa went to bed that night ſhivering with cold, and bleſſed God for having given her ſo comfortable a ſhelter from the inclemency of the air. What a ſight when ſhe aroſe the next morning! Every thing was perfectly white. There had fallen during the night ſo great a quantity of ſnow, that it was knee-deep in the roads. This made Louiſa quite dull. The little birds appeared ſtill more ſo. The ground being every where covered to a great depth, they were not able to find the leaſt grain or worm to appeaſe their hunger. All the feathered inhabitants of the grove took refuge in the towns and villages, to ſeek the relief of man. Numerous flights of ſparrows, linnets, chaffinches, and larks, alighted in the ſtreets and court-yards of houſes, and ſcraped with their claws and bills into every heap of rubbiſh, to find if poſſible ſome nouriſhment. There came near fifty of theſe gueſts into the yard of the houſe

houſe where Louiſa was. She ſaw them, and returned quite afflicted into her father's chamber. What is the matter, my dear? ſaid he. Ah! papa, anſwered ſhe, there they are, all in the yard. The poor little birds that ſung ſo chearfully only two days ago. They ſeem to be quite ſtarved with cold, and to aſk for ſomething to eat. Will you let me give them a little corn? With the greateſt pleaſure, ſaid her father. The barn was on the other ſide of the way: thither ſhe ran, accompanied by her governeſs, to get a few handfuls of corn and hemp-ſeed, and came immediately back to ſcatter it in the yard. The little birds approached, fluttering about her in great numbers, and picking up every grain. Louiſa amuſed herſelf in looking at them, and was quite delighted with the ſight. She went to aſk her papa and mama to come and view them alſo, and to partake of her ſatisfaction. But theſe handfuls of grain were ſoon picked up. The birds then flew up to the houſe-top, and ſeemed to eye Louiſa wiſtfully, as if they would have ſaid, "Have you nothing more to give us?" Louiſa underſtood their language.

She flew like lightning to ſeek more grain. In croſſing the way ſhe met a little boy, who had not a heart quite ſo compaſſionate as hers. He was carrying in his hand a cage full of birds, and was ſhaking it ſo careleſsly that the poor little creatures were thrown every moment with their heads againſt the wires. This ſight gave Louiſa pain. What are you going to do with thoſe birds? ſaid ſhe to the little boy. I do not know yet, anſwered he. I am trying to ſell them, and if nobody will buy them I ſhall feaſt my cat upon them at home. Your cat! replied Louiſa: Your cat! Oh! what an ill-natured boy! As to that, they would not be the firſt that ſhe has munched alive. So, dangling his cage as before, he was ſetting off at a great pace, when Louiſa called him back, and aſked how much he would have for his birds? I will ſell them, ſaid he, three for a penny, and there are eighteen of them. Well then, ſaid Louiſa, they are mine. So bidding the little boy follow her, ſhe ran to her papa, and aſked his permiſſion to purchaſe thoſe birds. Her father granted it with pleaſure, and even gave his daughter an empty room for the reception of her little

little gueſts. Jack (that was the name of the ill-natured boy) went away very well ſatisfied with his bargain, and told all his companions that he knew a little miſs who would buy birds. In a few hours there came ſo many little country boys to Louiſa's door that one would have thought it the entrance to a market. They all crouded round her, climbing upon each other, and holding up their cages with both hands, each hoping to obtain the preference for his birds. Louiſa purchaſed all that were brought before her, and had them carried into the chamber where the firſt were. Night came. It was a long time ſince Louiſa had gone to bed ſo well pleaſed in her mind. Am I not very happy, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, in being able to ſave the lives of ſo many innocent creatures, and to give them food? When Summer comes, I will go into the fields and groves, and all my little gueſts will ſing their ſweeteſt ſongs to thank me for the care that I have taken of them. With this reflection ſhe went to ſleep, and dreamed that ſhe was in a grove of trees of the fineſt verdure, which were all covered with birds chirping as they fluttered

fluttered from bough to bough, or engaged in feeding their young ones. The happy Louiſa ſmiled in her ſleep. She roſe very early to go and feed her little friends in the aviary and in the yard; but ſhe was not now ſo happy as ſhe had been the day before. She knew how much money ſhe had put into her purſe, and that there could not remain much of it by this time. If this ſnowy weather ſhould laſt ſome few days longer, ſaid ſhe, what will become of the other birds? The wicked little boys will give them alive, as they are, to their cats! and for want of a ſmall ſum of money I ſhall not be able to ſave them. Full of theſe ſorrowful ideas, ſhe draws her purſe out ſlowly in order to count her little treaſure once more; but how great is her aſtoniſhment to feel her purſe heavy! She opens it and finds it full of pieces of coin, of every ſort indiſcriminately, up to the very ſtrings. She runs immediately to her father, and relates the incident to him with tranſports of pleaſure and ſurpriſe. Her father took her to his boſom, kiſſed her, and ſhed tears of joy upon the cheeks of Louiſa. My dear child, ſaid he, thou haſt never made me ſo happy

as

as in this moment. Continue to relieve the little creatures that you ſee in diſtreſs, and as your purſe is diminiſhed, you ſhall find it filled again. What joyful news for Louiſa! She ran immediately to her aviary, with her apron-full of hemp-ſeed and corn. All the birds came fluttering round her, and looked with eager eyes for their breakfaſt. After feeding them, ſhe next went down into the yard, and beſtowed a plentiful meal upon the famiſhed birds that were there. She ſaw herſelf now engaged in the ſupport of almoſt an hundred dependents. This afforded her ſuch a pleaſure! Her dolls and play-things never had given her half ſo much. In the afternoon, as ſhe put her hand into the bag of hemp-ſeed, ſhe found a note with theſe words: *The inhabitants of the air fly towards thee, O Lord! and thou giveſt them their food; thou openeſt thy hand, and filleſt all things living with plenteouſneſs.* Her father had followed her. She turned to him, and ſaid, I am now therefore like God. The inhabitants of the air fly towards me, and when I open my hand, I fill them with plenteouſneſs. Yes, my dear, ſaid her father,

every time that you do good to any creature, you are like God. When grown up you muſt aſſiſt your fellow-creatures as you now do the birds, and you will then reſemble God much more. Ah, what happineſs for a mortal to be able to act like God! During a week, Louiſa continued to extend her bounty, and feed every thing that was hungry about her. At length the ſnow melted, the fields reſumed their verdure, and the birds, which before had not dared to quit the neighbourhood of the houſes, now turned their flight toward the grove. But thoſe that had been put into the aviary remained there confined: they ſaw the ſun, flew up againſt the window, pecked at the glaſs, but in vain; their priſon was too ſtrong for them. Louiſa could not as yet imagine what made them ſo uneaſy. One day, as ſhe was taking them their food, her father entered a few moments after her. She was very happy to ſee that he was deſirous of being witneſs to her pleaſure. My dear Louiſa, ſaid he, why do theſe birds ſeem ſo uneaſy? I ſhould imagine that they want ſomething. May not they, perhaps, have left in the fields companions

companions whom they would now be glad to ſee again? You are right, papa; they ſeem to be dull ever ſince the return of the fine weather. I will go and open the window, and let them fly away. I think you would not do amiſs, replied the father. You will diffuſe joy through all the country. Theſe little priſoners will go to find their friends once more, and will fly to meet them, as you do to meet me when I have been abſent ſome time from home. Before he had finiſhed ſpeaking, the windows were all thrown up: the birds perceived it, and in two minutes there did not remain one of them in the room. Some were ſeen to ſkim along the ground; others to ſoar up into the air; ſome to perch upon the neighbouring trees, and others to fly backwards and forwards before the windows with chirpings of joy. Louiſa went every day to walk in the fields. She ſaw and heard numbers of birds on every ſide. At one time a lark would riſe up before her feet, and ſing its ſprightly ſtrain while it mounted to the clouds. At another time a linnet, perched upon the higheſt branches of a tree, chirped forth its ſong. And

whenever ſhe obſerved any one to diſtinguiſh itſelf by the ſweetneſs of its muſic, Louiſa would ſay, There is one of my little gueſts: one may know by its voice that it has been well fed laſt Winter.

THE MASONS ON THE LADDER.

AS Mr. Dormer was walking one day with little Archibald his ſon, in one of the public ſquares, they ſtopped before a houſe that was building, and which was raiſed as high as the ſecond ſtory. Archibald remarked a number of workmen placed one above another upon the rounds of a ladder, who were moving their arms up and down ſucceſſively. This appearance excited his curioſity. Papa, cried he, what game are thoſe men playing? Let us go a little nearer to the foot of the ladder.

They placed themſelves in a ſpot where there was no danger, and obſerved a man go and take a large ſtone from a heap, and carry it to another man placed on the firſt round of the ladder; and he, raiſing his arms

arms above his head, handed the ſtone to a third who was placed above him, who, by the ſame operation, paſſed it up to a fourth; and thus, from one hand to another, the ſtone very ſoon reached the ſcaffold, where the maſons were ready to make uſe of it.

What do you think of this ſight? ſaid Mr. Dormer to his ſon. Why are ſo many perſons employed in building this houſe? Would it not be better that one man ſingly ſhould work at it, and that the reſt ſhould go, and each build for himſelf?

Very true, indeed, papa, anſwered Archibald! there would then be many more houſes than there are.

Do you conſider well, ſaid Mr. Dormer, what you now ſay? Do you know how many arts and trades are concerned in forming ſuch a houſe as this? One ſingle man, therefore, who would undertake a building, ſhould be maſter of all theſe profeſſions; ſo that he would ſpend his whole life in acquiring thoſe different ſorts of knowledge, before he could begin to build. But, ſuppoſing that he could in a ſhort time perfect himſelf in every thing neceſſary to be

known for the purpoſe; ſee him all alone, and without any aſſiſtance, firſt digging the earth to lay his foundation; then going to ſeek ſtone, hewing it, making mortar, plaſter and white-waſh; in ſhort, preparing every thing neceſſary to a maſon. See him full of ardor, taking his meaſurements, raiſing his ladders, erecting his ſcaffolds: but in what time do you think his houſe would be raiſed to the top?

Archibald. Ah! papa, I am greatly afraid that he would never be able to finiſh it.

Mr. Dormer. You are very right, child; and it is the ſame with all the labours of ſociety. Were a man to withdraw himſelf totally and work for himſelf alone; were he to refuſe to borrow the aid of others, fearing to be obliged to lend them his in return, he would exhauſt his ſtrength in the undertaking, and ſee himſelf quickly under the neceſſity of abandoning it: whereas, if men lend their aſſiſtance mutually, they execute in a ſhort time the moſt puzzling and laborious works, to perform which each of them ſingly would require the courſe of a whole life. It is the ſame alſo with the pleaſures of life: he who would taſte them

them alone could procure to himſelf but few enjoyments; but let all unite in contributing to their mutual happineſs, and each will find his ſhare in this union.—You are one day to be a member of ſociety, my dear child! Let the example of theſe workmen be always preſent in your memory. You ſee how much they eaſe and ſhorten their labours by mutually aiding each other. We will paſs by here again, ſome days hence, and we ſhall find their houſe finiſhed. Endeavour, therefore, to help others in their undertakings, if you wiſh that they ſhould, in their turn, exert themſelves to labour for you.

PRISCILLA AND MARCUS.

MRS. CAREY, a young widow, had two children, Priſcilla and Marcus, both equally deſerving of her affection, which nevertheleſs they ſhared very unequally. Priſcilla, young as ſhe was, perceived her mama's partiality to her brother. It afflicted her, but ſhe concealed within her

own breaſt the ſorrow which this preference occaſioned. Though not diſagreeably plain, her features did not correſpond with the charms of her mind; but her brother was beautiful as the God of Love is painted to us. All the fondneſs, all the careſſes of Mrs. Carey, were laviſhed on him alone; and the ſervants, to gain the favour of their miſtreſs, were ſtudious to flatter him in all his fancies. Priſcilla, on the contrary, from her mother's coldneſs, found herſelf the more ſlighted by the reſt of the family. Far from anticipating her wiſhes, they even neglected her real wants. She would ſhed floods of tears, when ſhe found herſelf alone and forſaken by every body, but never ſuffered the ſlighteſt complaint or mark of diſcontent to eſcape her in the preſence of others. In vain did ſhe endeavour, by a conſtant obſervance of her duty, by her mildneſs and her attentions, to make amends in her mother's opinion for the deficiency of her beauty: the qualities of her mind were unnoticed by eyes accuſtomed only to look on outward advantages. Mrs. Carey, not much affected by the mark of tenderneſs which Priſcilla ſhewed her, ſeemed,

particularly

particularly ſince her huſband's death, to view her with a kind of diſguſt. She was continually chiding her, and required perfections in her which could not even be expected from an underſtanding far more advanced.

This unjuſt mother fell ſick. Marcus appeared ſtrongly touched at her ſufferings; but Priſcilla, who, in the ſoftened looks and languid countenance of her mother, thought ſhe perceived an abatement of her accuſtomed ſeverity, far ſurpaſſed her brother in her care and vigilance. Attentive to her mother's ſlighteſt wants, ſhe exerted all her penetration to diſcover them, that ſhe might ſpare her even the trouble of expreſſing them. While her mother's illneſs had the leaſt appearance of danger, ſhe never quitted her pillow. Entreaties, or even commands, could not prevail upon her to take a moment's repoſe. At length Mrs. Carey recovered. This happy circumſtance diſſipated the apprehenſions of Priſcilla; but her ſorrows began afreſh, when ſhe ſaw her mama reſume her uſual ſeverity towards her.

One day, when Mrs. Carey was diſcourſ-

ing with her children of the pains that ſhe had ſuffered during her illneſs, and was thanking them for the tender and earneſt affection which their cares for her had teſtified, My dear children, added ſhe, you may both aſk of me whatever will give you moſt pleaſure. I promiſe to grant it to you, if your deſires are within the extent of my fortune.

What do you wiſh, Marcus? ſaid ſhe firſt to her ſon.—A watch and a cane, mama, replied he.—You ſhall have them to-morrow morning.

And you, Priſcilla?—Me mama? me? anſwered ſhe, trembling, I have nothing to wiſh for if you love me.

That is not an anſwer. You ſhall have your reward too, miſs. What would you wiſh? Speak.

Though Priſcilla had been accuſtomed to this tone of ſeverity, yet ſhe felt it more ſenſibly on this occaſion than ever ſhe had done before. She threw herſelf at her mother's feet, looked up to her with eyes all drowned in tears, and ſuddenly hiding her face with both her hands, liſped out theſe words,

words, "Give me only two kiſſes, ſuch as you give my brother."

Mrs. Carey's heart melted at theſe words, and ſhe felt thoſe ſentiments of affection to her daughter now revive which ſhe had hitherto ſuppreſſed. Taking her up in her arms, ſhe claſped her to her breaſt and loaded her with kiſſes. Priſcilla, who for the firſt time received her mother's careſſes, gave a looſe to the effuſions of her joy and love. She kiſſed her cheeks, her eyes, her breaſt, her hands: and Marcus, who could not help loving his ſiſter, mixed his embraces with her's. They all enjoyed a happineſs which was not confined to the preſent moment. Mrs. Carey repaid with intereſt to Priſcilla that affection which ſhe had before withheld from her, and Priſcilla returned it with new marks of tenderneſs. Nor was Marcus in the leaſt jealous on this account, but rejoiced in his ſiſter's happineſs. He ſoon reaped the reward of ſo generous a behaviour. The natural goodneſs of his diſpoſition having been a little injured by the weakneſs and doating fondneſs of his mother, he gave way in youth to many little indiſcretions

which would have loſt him her heart, but Priſcilla always found means to excuſe him to her. The ſenſible advice too which ſhe gave him compleated the reform of his manners; and they all three experienced that there is no true happineſs in a family without the moſt cordial union between brothers and ſiſters, and the moſt lively and equal affection between parents and children.

THE VINE-STUMP.

MR. Sutton, being at his country-houſe in the ſpring, went out with his ſon Julius to walk in his garden. The violet and primroſe were in their bloom, and many trees began already to ſhew their budding verdure, and to be clothed in white and crimſon bloſſoms.

They went by chance into a ſummer-houſe at the foot of which roſe a vine-ſtump, twiſting wildly and ſtretching its naked branches in a rude irregular manner. "Papa! cried Julius, ſee this ugly tree,

tree, how it points at me! why do not you have Martin to grub it up and make fire-wood of it?" At the ſame time he began to pull at it in order to tear it up, but its roots had taken too firm hold in the earth. "Do not moleſt it, ſaid Mr. Sutton to his ſon, I will have it ſtand as it is, and at the proper time I ſhall tell you my reaſons."

Julius. But, papa, ſee cloſe by it thoſe lively bloſſoms of the lilac and the lauruſtinus. Why is it not as well adorned as they are, if it is to be kept? It ſpoils and disfigures the garden. Shall I go and tell Martin to pluck it up?

Mr. Sutton. No, my dear; I tell you I will have it ſtand as it is, at leaſt a little longer.

Julius perſevered in condemning it; his father tried to divert his attention to other objects, and the unfortunate vine-ſtump was forgotten.

Mr. Sutton's affairs called him to a diſtant part of the country. He ſet off the next day, and did not return till the middle of Autumn. His firſt care was to viſit his country-houſe, whither he brought his ſon once more. The day being very hot, they went to enjoy the ſhade of the ſummer-

houſe. " Ah! papa, ſaid Julius, what a charming green ſhade! I thank you for having that ugly dry ſtump plucked up that I was ſo uneaſy to ſee laſt Spring, and for putting in its place this handſome ſhrub, to give me an agreeable ſurpriſe. What delightful fruit! See, theſe fine grapes, ſome purple, others almoſt black. There is not a ſingle tree in the garden that looks ſo well. They have all loſt their fruit, but this;—ſee how it is covered! ſee thoſe large green leaves that hide the cluſters. I ſhould like to know if the fruit be as good as it appears handſome."

Mr. Sutton gave him a grape to taſte. This renewed his joy; and how much was it enlivened, when his father informed him that from thoſe berries was produced that delicious liquor which he ſometimes taſted after dinner. " You ſeem to be aſtoniſhed, my dear, ſaid Mr. Sutton. I ſhould ſurpriſe you much more, were I to tell you that this is the ſame crooked miſhapen ſtump that pointed at you in the Spring. I will go, if you chuſe, and order Martin to pluck it up and make fire-wood of it."

Julius.

Julius. Oh! by no means, papa: let him take all the others in the garden before this; I like the grapes ſo well!

Mr. Sutton. You ſee, then, Julius, that I did well in not following your advice. What has happened to you happens to all the world. We ſee a child ill clothed, and of an unpleaſing outſide appearance; we deſpiſe him and grow proud, on comparing ourſelves with him; we even carry our cruelty ſo far as to addreſs him with inſulting diſcourſes. Beware, my child, of ſuch haſty judgments. In this perſon, ſo little favoured by nature, dwells perhaps an exalted ſoul which will one day aſtoniſh the world by its great virtues, or enlighten it by its knowledge. It is a rugged ſtem, but may produce the nobleſt fruits.

VERSES ON AN INFANT IN THE CRADLE.

HAPPY child! the bliſs poſſeſſing
Which calm Innocence beſtows;
Ah! preſerve the envied bleſſing,
To enſure your life's repoſe.

Sleeping, many a playful viſion
Paints before you forms of joy,
Peaceful ſports and ſcenes Elyſian
All your ſlumb'ring hours employ.

When you wake, your parents, ſmiling,
Meet your eye's new-open'd charms;
You, their tender cares beguiling,
Fill with bliſs their claſping arms.

Hopeful babe! your joy or ſadneſs,
Prompt by turns their changing vow;
When your front expands with gladneſs,
Pleaſure ſmiles on every brow.

Happy child! the bliſs poſſeſſing
Which calm Innocence beſtows,
Ah! preſerve the envied bleſſing,
To enſure your life's repoſe.

Mildly

Mildly gay, no ſorrow wounds you,
No vain wiſh your peace deſtroys;
While each object that ſurrounds you
Brings you ever-varying joys.

Should your breaſt, with ſhort-liv'd anguiſh,
Heave a momentary ſigh,
Round your lip the dimples languiſh,
E'en while tears bedew your eye.

Ev'ry harſh and joyleſs feeling
Tender infancy diſarms;
Clay-cold age, his troubles healing,
Melts with love before your charms.

Happy child! the bliſs poſſeſſing
Which calm Innocence beſtows,
Ah! preſerve the envied bleſſing
To enſure your life's repoſe.

Soon, alas! your proſpect drowning,
Angry ſtorms ſhall ſweep the plain;
Fortune ſoon unkindly frowning,
Plunge in grief youth's ſportive train.

Me, whom nature kindly bleſſes,
Still, ev'n ſtill, with artleſs lore,
Spent with toil and keen diſtreſſes,
Fortune oft has wounded ſore.

Thouſand

Thouſand cares, alas! ſubdue me,
In life's buſy circle toſt,
Treach'rous hopes, reverſes gloomy,
Friendſhips falſe, and kindred loſt.

Happy child! the bliſs poſſeſſing
Which calm Innocence beſtows;
Ah! preſerve the envied bleſſing,
To enſure your life's repoſe.

If thou, Chance, with aim perfidious,
Point freſh ſorrows at my head;
Here I ſhield me, pow'r inſidious!
Peace protects the infant's bed.

Here the innocent's careſſes,
Pouring balm my ſorrows o'er,
Spite of thee, and life's diſtreſſes,
To my heart ſhall peace reſtore.

Whilſt I ſing (proud ſage believe me)
The only age that taſtes of bliſs,
Of the hours which fate may give me
Sweeteſt hour perhaps is this.

Happy child! the bliſs poſſeſſing
Which calm Innocence beſtows;
Ah! preſerve the envied bleſſing,
To enſure your life's repoſe.

THE

THE LITTLE MISS DECEIVED BY HER MAID.

Mrs. Barlow, Amelia.

Amelia. MAMA, will you give me leave to go and ſee my couſin Henry this evening?

Mrs. Barlow. No, I do not chuſe it, Amelia.

Amelia. Pray, mama, why ſo?

Mrs. B. I have no occaſion, I ſuppoſe, to tell you my reaſons. A little girl ought always to obey her parents, without allowing herſelf to aſk them queſtions. However, to ſatisfy you that I have always a reaſonable motive, whenever I order or forbid you any thing, I ſhall tell you. Your couſin Henry can only ſet you an indifferent example; and I ſhould fear, if you ſaw him too often, that you would imitate his levity and indiſcretion.

Amelia. But, mama—

Mrs. B. No reply, I requeſt. You know that my orders muſt be followed punctually.

Amelia retired a little to hide her tears; and ſoon after, her mother being gone out, ſhe

ſhe ſat down in a corner, and gave her grief full vent. Juſt then Nanny, who was lately come into Mrs. Barlow's ſervice, entered the room. "How, Miſs Amelia, ſaid ſhe, are you crying? What is the matter? May not I know what troubles you?"

Amelia. Leave me, Nanny. You cannot comfort me.

Nanny. Nay, why not? There was Miſs Sophy, at my laſt ſervice, always came to me whenever any thing ailed her. "My dear Nanny, ſhe would ſay, you ſee what has happened to me; tell me, what muſt I do?" And I had always good advice to give her.

Amelia. I do not want your advice. I tell you once more, that you can do nothing for me.

Nanny. Give me leave, at leaſt, to go for your mama. She will, perhaps, be better able to comfort you. I do not like to ſee ſo pretty a young lady as you in trouble.

Amelia. Oh, yes! mama, indeed!

Nanny. I cannot believe that it was ſhe who grieved you.

Amelia. Who ſhould it be, then?

Nanny.

Nanny. I could never have thought it. I ſhould always ſuppoſe you ſo reaſonable, that your mama could not refuſe you any requeſt. Well! if I had a child ſo well diſpoſed as you, ſhe ſhould be her own miſtreſs. But your mama loves to command, and for a whim would oppoſe your moſt innocent wiſhes. How can one have ſo amiable a child, and take pleaſure to thwart her! I cannot expreſs how I ſuffer to ſee you in this ſituation.

Amelia, (*beginning to cry afreſh.*) Ah! it will break my heart.

Nanny. Indeed, I fear it will. How red and ſwelled your eyes are! You are very cruel to yourſelf, not to let thoſe who love you ſincerely, try to give you ſome comfort. Ah! if Miſs Sophy had been in half your trouble, ſhe would not have failed to open her heart to me.

Amelia. I dare not mention mine to you.

Nanny. Not that, for my part, I care much about knowing it.—Oh! it is, perhaps, becauſe your mama makes you ſtay at home while ſhe goes to the play.

Amelia. No: ſhe has promiſed me not to go there without me.

Nanny.

Nanny. Well, what is it, then? Your trouble ſeems to increaſe. Shall I go for your little couſin? You may play along with him to divert you.

Amelia, (ſighing.) Oh! I ſhall not have that pleaſure any more.

Nanny. It will not be hard to procure it for you. A young lady ſhould have ſome company. Your mama has not a mind to make a nun of you?

Amelia. I am not allowed to ſee him.

Nanny. Not to ſee him? I do not know what your mama thinks. Miſs Sophy's was juſt the ſame. She would never let her have the leaſt intimacy with Miſs Semple. But how we contrived to deceive her!

Amelia. How was that?

Nanny. We watched the moment when ſhe went out to pay viſits: then either Miſs Sophy went to Miſs Semple, or Miſs Semple came to her.

Amelia. And her mama did not know it?

Nanny. No: I guarded againſt that.

Amelia. But if I were to go to ſee my couſin, and my mama ſhould aſk, Where is Amelia?

Nanny. I would tell her that you were in

the garden: or, if it was a little late, I would tell her that you were gone to bed, and faſt aſleep; and immediately I would run to find you.

Amelia. Ah! if I thought that my mama would know nothing of it—

Nanny. Truſt me for that: ſhe will never ſuſpect it. Will you take my advice? Go and paſs the evening with your little couſin. Never trouble yourſelf about the reſt.

Amelia. I have a mind to try it for once. But you promiſe me at leaſt that mama—

Nanny. Go! never fear!

Amelia in effect did go to ſee her couſin. Her mama came home a ſhort time after, and aſked where ſhe was. Nanny anſwered, that ſhe had been tired of ſitting all alone, ſo had eaten a good ſupper, and was gone to bed.

In this manner Amelia deceived her unſuſpecting mama ſeveral times. But much more did ſhe deceive herſelf in acting thus. Before, ſhe was always cheerful, and took pleaſure in being near her mama, and would run with joy to meet her, whenever ſhe had been abſent a moment. But now, what was become of her cheerfulneſs? She was

ever

ever ſaying to herſelf, " O dear! if mama knew where I have been!" and ſhe trembled whenever ſhe heard her voice. If at any time ſhe ſaw her look a little ſerious, " I am undone! ſhe would cry. Mama has diſcovered that I have diſobeyed her." But this was not all that made her unhappy. Nanny would often cunningly tell her how generous Miſs Sophy had been to her; how often ſhe had given her ſugar and tea; and how freely ſhe had truſted her with the keys of the cellar and beaufet. Amelia took pride in deſerving from Nanny the ſame praiſes for confidence and generoſity. She ſtole ſugar and tea from her mama for Nanny, and found means to procure her the keys of the cellar and beaufet. Nevertheleſs, ſometimes ſhe felt the reproaches of her conſcience. " I am doing wrong, ſhe would ſay to herſelf, and my tricks will be found out ſooner or later. I ſhall loſe the friendſhip of mama." She then went to Nanny, and proteſted that ſhe would never give her any thing again. " Juſt as you pleaſe, miſs, anſwered Nanny; but take care; you may perhaps, have reaſon to repent it! Stay till your mama comes home,

I will

I will tell her how obediently you have followed her orders." Amelia cried, and did every thing that Nanny desired her. Before, it was Nanny that obeyed Amelia; but now it was Amelia that obeyed Nanny. She suffered every sort of rudeness from her, and had nobody to whom she could complain. The wicked girl came to her one day and said, "You must know, I have a fancy to taste the pie that was locked up in the beaufet yesterday; besides that, I want a bottle of wine. You must go and look for the keys of your mama's drawers."

Amelia. But, dear Nanny!

Nanny. We are not talking about dear Nanny! Do you mind what I ask of you?

Amelia. Why, mama will see us; or if she does not see us, God Almighty will see us and punish us.

Nanny. He saw you all the times that you went to your cousin, yet I never observed that he has punished you.

Amelia had received good instructions in religion from her mother. She was strongly persuaded that God has always an eye upon us; that he rewards our good actions, and has only forbidden us what is evil, because

it is hurtful to us. It was through mere thoughtleſſneſs that ſhe went to ſee her couſin, contrary to her mama's orders. But it always happens that, from yielding to one error, we fall immediately into another. She ſaw herſelf obliged to do every wrong thing that her ſervant ordered her, for fear of being betrayed by her.

It may eaſily be imagined how much ſhe ſuffered in this ſituation. She one day withdrew to her chamber, in order to weep at her eaſe. "Oh! cried ſhe, how much is any one to be pitied who is diſobedient! Unhappy child that I am! Slave to my own ſervant! I can no longer do what is my duty, but am forced to do what a wicked maid orders me. I muſt be a liar, a thief, and a hypocrite! Lord have mercy on me!" Saying thus, ſhe held up both hands to hide her face which was drowned in tears, and began to reflect what ſteps ſhe ſhould take. At length, ſhe roſe all at once, crying, "I am reſolved: and though my mama were not to let me come near her for a month; though ſhe were to— But ſhe will not—ſhe will be reconciled to me; ſhe will call me once more her Amelia. I depend

pend on her fondneſs. But how dear it will coſt me! How ſhall I bear her looks and reproaches! No matter; I will confeſs the whole to her." She then immediately ſprung out of her chamber, and ſeeing her mama walking all alone in the garden, ſhe flew towards her, and embracing her cloſely, covered her cheeks and her boſom with her tears. Grief and confuſion ſtopped her ſpeech.

Mrs. Barlow. What is the matter, my dear Amelia?

Amelia. Oh! mama—

Mrs. B. What is the meaning of theſe tears?

Amelia. My dear mama!

Mrs. B. Speak, child! what occaſions this agitation?

Amelia. Oh! if I thought that you could pardon me!

Mrs. B. I pardon you, ſince your repentance appears ſo lively and ſo ſincere.

Amelia. My dear mama, I have been a diſobedient girl; I have gone ſeveral times to ſee my couſin Henry, contrary to your orders.

Mrs. B. Is it poſſible, my dear Amelia?

you who formerly feared ſo much to diſpleaſe me!

Amelia. Ah! I ſhould not be your dear Amelia, if you knew all.

Mrs. B. You make me uneaſy: but truſt every thing with me. You muſt have been deceived. You never gave me cauſe of complaint until now.

Amelia. Yes, mama, I have been deceived. 'Twas Nanny, Nanny—

Mrs. B. What! it was ſhe?

Amelia. Yes, mama: and that ſhe might not tell you, I have often ſtolen the keys of the cellar and beaufet. I have ſtolen for her I know not how much ſugar and tea.

Mrs. B. Unhappy mother that I am! Do I hear this ſhocking account of my own daughter! Leave me, unworthy child! I ſhall go and conſult with your father how we ſhould treat you.

Amelia. No, mama, I will not quit you. Puniſh me firſt, but promiſe me that your love for me will one day return.

Mrs. B. Ah! unhappy child! you will be ſufficiently puniſhed.

Mrs. Barlow, at theſe words, left Amelia quite

quite diſconſolate, ſeated on a graſſy turf, and went to ſeek Mr. Barlow, and they concerted together the means of ſaving their child from ruin.

Nanny was called up. Mr. Barlow, after loading her with the ſevereſt reproaches, ordered her to quit his houſe immediately. It was in vain that ſhe wept and pleaded for a leſs rigorous ſentence. In vain ſhe promiſed that nothing of the ſame ſort ſhould ever happen again. Mr. Barlow was inexorable. You know, anſwered he, how mildly I have treated you, and what indulgence I have ſhewn to your faults. I thought that my kindneſs might induce you to ſecond my wiſhes as to my child's education, and it is you that have led her into diſobedience and theft. You are a monſter in my ſight! Leave my preſence, and be careful to reform, unleſs you wiſh to fall into the hands of a more terrible judge.

It was next Amelia's turn. She appeared before her parents in a ſituation worthy of pity. Her eyes were ſwoln with crying; all the features of her face were changed; a frightful paleneſs covered her cheeks, and

her whole body ſhuddered as if in the convulſions of an ague. Unable to utter a word, ſhe awaited in mournful ſilence the judgment of her father. "You have, ſaid he in a ſevere voice, you have deceived, you have offended your parents. What could incline you to follow the advice of a wicked ſervant, rather than of your own mother, who loves you ſo tenderly, and deſires nothing in the world ſo much as to make you happy? If I puniſhed you with the indignation that your behaviour inſpires; if I baniſhed you from my ſight for ever, as I have the companion of your faults, who could accuſe me of injuſtice?"

Amelia. Oh! papa, you can never be unjuſt towards me. Puniſh me with all the ſeverity that you ſhall judge neceſſary, I will bear the whole: but begin with taking me once more in your arms; call me once more your Amelia!

Mr. Barlow. I cannot embrace you ſo ſoon. I am willing not to chaſtiſe you, on account of the confeſſion that you have made; but I ſhall not call you my Amelia, until you have deſerved it by a long repentance. Pay great attention to your conduct.

duct. Puniſhments always follow faults, and it is you that will puniſh yourſelf.

Amelia did not as yet fully underſtand what her father meant by theſe laſt words. She did not expect ſo mild a treatment: ſhe went therefore up to her parents with a heavy heart, and curtſying to them, repeated afreſh her promiſes of the moſt perfect ſubmiſſion. In effect, ſhe kept her word: but alas! her puniſhment followed very ſoon, as her father had told her. The wicked Nanny ſpread the moſt infamous ſtories concerning her. She told all that had paſſed between her and Amelia, and added a thouſand horrid lies beſides. She ſaid that Amelia, by the humbleſt entreaties, and by the force of preſents which ſhe had ſtolen from her parents, had laboured ſo long to corrupt her, that at length ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be perſuaded to procure her ſecret meetings with her couſin Henry; that they ſaw each other every evening, unknown to their parents; and that Amelia came often home very late. Theſe things ſhe related with circumſtances ſo odious, that every one conceived the moſt diſadvantageous ideas of Amelia. She was

obliged to ſuffer the moſt cruel mortifications on this ſubject. Whenever ſhe entered amongſt a party of her little friends, ſhe ſaw them all whiſper each other, and look at her with an air of contempt, and an inſulting ſmile. If ever ſhe ſtaid ſomewhat late in a company, they would ſay, "It is plain, ſhe waits here until the hour of her appointment." Had ſhe a faſhionable ribband, or an elegant dreſs, they would ſay, "Whenever one can get one's mama's keys, one may buy what one pleaſes." In ſhort, upon the leaſt difference between her and any of her companions, "Do not talk, miſs! they would ſay. Thinking of your couſin Henry confuſes your ideas." Theſe reproaches were ſo many ſtabs to the heart of Amelia. Often, when ſhe was quite overwhelmed with grief, ſhe would throw herſelf into her mother's arms, and ſeek for comfort there. Her mother generally anſwered her, "Suffer with patience, my dear child, what your imprudence has brought on you. Pray to God to forgive your fault, and to ſhorten the time of your mortifications. Theſe reproofs will be of ſervice to you all your life, if you can profit

fit by them. God has ſaid to children, *Honour your father and your mother, and ſubmit in all things to their will.* This commandment is meant for their happineſs. Poor children! ye know not the world yet. You cannot foreſee the conſequences that your actions may draw after them. God has committed the care of guiding you to your parents, who love you as themſelves, and who have more experience and reflection to ward off every danger from you. This you did not chuſe to believe; but you now experience how wiſely God requires of children ſubmiſſion to their parents, ſince you have ſuffered ſo much by your diſobedience. My dear Amelia, let your misfortune ſerve for your inſtruction! It is the ſame with all the commandments. God preſcribes to us only what is advantageous; He forbids only what is pernicious to us. We act therefore to our own hurt, whenever we do what is wrong. You will often find yourſelf in circumſtances, when it will be impoſſible for you to foreſee how much vice may injure you, or how much virtue may profit you. Recollect then what you have ſuffered by one ſingle fault, and regu-

late all the actions of your life upon this unerring principle: *Every action which is contrary to Virtue, is contrary to our own happineſs.*"

Amelia punctually obeyed the wiſe advice of her mother. The more ſhe was afterwards obliged to ſuffer the conſequences of her imprudence, the more reſerved ſhe became and attentive to her own behaviour. She profited ſo well by this diſgrace, that, through the prudence of her conduct, ſhe ſtopped the mouths of all who would ſpeak ill of her, and obtained the name of the *irreproachable Amelia.*

CAROLINE.

MRS. P——, a young married lady, as much diſtinguiſhed for the elegant charms of her wit, as for the delicacy of her ſentiments, and the reſpectability of her character, was one day reproving Pamela, her eldeſt daughter, for a ſlight fault very pardonable at her age. Pamela, touched with the tender manner in which her mother

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mother delivered the reproof, ſhed tears of ſorrow and affection. Caroline, who was then but three years old, ſeeing her ſiſter weep, climbed up the ſteps of her chair, in order to reach her; with one hand ſhe took her handkerchief, and wiped her ſiſter's eyes, and with the other ſlipped into her mouth a piece of ſweetmeat from her own. I think, an able painter might make a charming picture on this ſubject.

CAROLINE.

LITTLE CAROLINE, of whom we have juſt ſpoken, was one day playing beſide her mother, who was then buſy writing letters. The hair-dreſſer being come, Mrs. P—— told him to ſtep into an adjoining dreſſing-room with Caroline, and to take a little of her hair off. Inſtead of a little, the hair-dreſſer took off ſo much that the little girl's head was entirely naked. Her mother entered juſt as this unlucky operation was finiſhed. "Ah! my poor Caroline, exclaimed ſhe, you have loſt all your fine hair!"—"Do not be uneaſy, mama, anſwered Caroline with the greateſt ſim-

plicity; it is not loſt, it is put up in that drawer."

Laſt ſummer vacation, while ſhe was in the country, a chicken was ſerved up at dinner, and Mrs. P——, who had no company but her children, having helped her eldeſt daughter to ſome of it, offered a bit to Caroline.

No, mama, anſwered ſhe with a ſigh; I ſhall not eat any of it.—

And why, my dear?—

Becauſe, mama, that chicken and I ſaw one another every day, and we lived very friendly together.—

But your ſiſter eats ſome of it.—

Oh! my ſiſter may eat it, to be ſure; ſhe was not ſo well acquainted with it as I was.

What may not be hoped from a child born with ſuch amiable ſimplicity, and ſuch tenderneſs of heart? May ſhe reſemble her mother more and more, and all my wiſhes for her will be accompliſhed.

THE

THE OLD MAN BEGGING.

Mr. Anneſley, (to a ſervant)

WHY did not you make this good old man come in?

Old Man. Sir, I was aſked; but it was my own choice not to go in.

Mr. Ann. And why, pray?

Old Man. I bluſh to tell. I am doing a thing to which I am not accuſtomed: I come —to beg alms.

Mr. Ann. You ſeem honeſt: why ſhould you bluſh to be poor? I have ſome friends that are ſo. Be you of the number.

Old Man. Excuſe me, ſir: I have not time.

Mr. Ann. What have you then to do?

Old Man. That which is the moſt important thing in this world: to die. I may tell you, ſince we are alone. I have not more than a week to live.

Mr. Ann. How do you know that?

Old Man. How do I know it? I can ſcarcely explain that to you. But I know it, becauſe I feel it: and that proof is ſure.

ſure. Happily nobody is a loſer by my death. My daughter and my ſon-in-law have maintained me theſe two years.

Mr. Ann. They have only done their duty.

Old Man. I was once juſt rich enough not to fear becoming chargeable to any body. I lent my money to a gentleman that called himſelf my friend. He lived merrily, until at laſt he reduced me to poverty. I beg pardon, ſir! you are a gentleman too; but I ſpeak the truth.

Mr. Ann. I have as much pleaſure in hearing it as you have in ſpeaking it, though it were even againſt myſelf.

Old Man. I ſhould have been wiſer, had I worked to the laſt; but I was grown pale and withered, and I looked upon my increaſe of fortune as a ſignal from Providence to reſt myſelf. I never diſliked work, Sir. When I was young, it ſupported my health: I had no other phyſician. But what ſtrengthens youth, exhauſts old age. I was no longer able to work. When I had loſt my fortune, I was deſirous to work again. I deſired it with all my heart. I felt for my arms, but could not find them. Excuſe me for dropping a tear when I think of

of it. No moment of my life ever was more heavy than when I felt myſelf weak.

Mr. Ann. You then had recourſe to your children?

Old Man. No, ſir: they came to me of themſelves. I had only one daughter, but I found a ſon in her huſband. They made me welcome to every thing they had, and took care of me, although I had not ſixpence to leave them. May God Almighty take them to his heavenly table, as they have taken me to their table in this world!

Mr. Ann. What, are they become cooler to you now?

Old Man. No, ſir, but they are become poor themſelves. The floods have ſwept away their houſe and deſtroyed their ſtock: ſo they have borrowed money to maintain me at eaſe till my death; the only thing that ever they did againſt my will. I could wiſh them to have a ſum for my funeral before-hand, that I may not be a charge to them, even when dead. It is for this reaſon that I come begging alms. I am an old man, but a young beggar.

Mr. Ann. And where do you live?

Old Man. I beg pardon, ſir; but I muſt not

not anſwer that, either for myſelf or my children.

Mr. Ann. Excuſe my indiſcreet curioſity. Heaven forbid that I ſhould ſeek to gratify it!

Old Man. Sir, I believe you. In eight days, look up to heaven: you will then, I hope, ſee my dwelling; it will not be unknown then.

Mr. Ann. (offering him a handful of ſilver.) Take this, good old man, and may God keep you!

Old Man. All that, ſir? No, that was not my intention. I want but a crown; the reſt is of no ſervice to me. There is no want in heaven.

Mr. Ann. You will give the remainder to your children.

Old Man. God forbid! My children can work; they want nothing.

Mr. Ann. Farewell, my good old man! Go and repoſe yourſelf.

Old Man, (returning him all his money, except a crown.) Take this again, ſir.

Mr. Ann. My friend, you make me bluſh.

Old Man. I bluſh myſelf too. Even a crown is too much to take. Keep the reſt for thoſe who are to beg longer than I.

Mr.

Mr. Ann. I feel for your ſituation.

Old Man. I hope that heaven will alſo feel for it, and for your generoſity, ſir, and repay it to you.

Mr. Ann. Will you take any food?

Old Man. I have already had ſome broth and ſome bread.

Mr. Ann. At leaſt take ſome proviſion with you.

Old Man. No, ſir; I will not affront Providence ſo much. However, a glaſs of wine,—juſt one—

Mr. Ann. More, if you chuſe, my friend.

Old Man. No, ſir, only one; I cannot bear more. You deſerve that I ſhould drink with you the laſt drop of wine that I ſhall taſte upon earth, and in heaven I will tell from whom I received it. Bountiful God! even a cup of water is not without its recompenſe from thee. *(Mr. Anneſley goes himſelf for a bottle. The old man lifts up his hands to heaven.)* My laſt refreſhment! Heaven reward him one day who gives it to me.

Mr. Ann. (returning with a bottle and two glaſſes.) Take this glaſs, my good old man. I have brought one for myſelf too. We will drink together.

Old

Old Man, (looking up.) God be thanked for all the bleſſings of this life! *(Drinks a little; then touches glaſſes with Mr. Anneſley.)* May the Lord grant that your latter end be as happy as mine!

Mr. Ann. My good old man, ſtop here to-night. Nobody ſhall ſee you, if you deſire it.

Old Man. No, ſir, I cannot; my time is precious.

Mr. Ann. Can I ſerve you in any thing further?

Old Man. I could wiſh it, ſir, for your ſake. But I want nothing more in this world; nothing but a glove, *(looking at his hand.)* I have loſt mine.

Mr. Ann. (taking a pair out of his pocket, and offering them.) Here, my good friend.

Old Man. Keep that: I aſk only one.

Mr. Ann. And why do you not take the other?

Old Man. This hand can bear the air. It is only the left that ſuffers. It has loſt its warmth theſe two years. *(Puts the glove on his left-hand, and gives his right to Mr. Anneſley.)* I ſhall think of you, ſir.

Mr. Ann. And I too of you. O my good friend!

friend! let me accompany you. I find it hard to keep the promiſe that I gave you.

Old Man. Then ſo much the better for you, ſir, if you keep it. *(going.)*

Mr. Ann. Give me your hand once more, my good old man! It is full of bleſſings.

Old Man. I hope to take you by the hand in Paradiſe.

THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF A SOCIABLE CHARACTER.

FERDINAND was by nature of a thoughtful and obſerving turn. In his walks with his uncle, nothing that ſtruck his view was loſt to his reflexions. His couſins complained that, while he appeared to enjoy ſo much himſelf, he ſought ſo little to contribute to the general amuſement of the family. They thought at firſt of requeſting their father not to take him with them any more, but a more gentle method of correcting him ſoon occurred. They agreed together to hold the ſame conduct with him, for ſome days, that he maintained

tained in general towards them. One went to ſee Weſtminſter-abbey; another the regalia and armoury at the Tower; a third the exhibition at Somerſet-houſe; but when they came home, the accounts which they generally gave to each other of what they remarked were ſuppreſſed. Inſtead of that mutual communication of the pleaſures of the day which made their evenings paſs ſo delightfully before, a grave reſerve and a tireſome ſilence took place amongſt them. Ferdinand remarked this change with as much ſurpriſe as mortification. —He felt the want of thoſe effuſions of communicative chearfulneſs which, indeed, rarely originated from him, but in which he never failed to intereſt himſelf. Accuſtomed as he was to reflexion, he eaſily perceived the injuſtice of his own behaviour, and ſoon became as free as he had before been reſerved. When he yielded to this amiable principle which is implanted in men by nature, in order to connect and unite them by ſentiment, his heart taſted the pleaſures of benevolence and friendſhip; and his ardent deſire of knowledge found new means of gratification from the lights

lights which he collected from others, at the ſame time that he imparted his information to them.

OLD COLIN.

Mr. Dexter, Percival his ſon.

Percival. PAPA, I know a very good ſervant to recommend to you, when you diſcharge old Colin.

Mr. Dexter. Who has given you that commiſſion? Do you ſuppoſe I have any thoughts of ſending him away?

Percival. Would you always keep that old fellow? I think, a young ſervant would do much better for us.

Mr. Dexter. How, Percival? That is a very bad reaſon for being tired of a good ſervant. You call him an old fellow! Child, you ought to bluſh for it! It is in my ſervice that he is grown old; and perhaps the cares which he took of your infancy, and the ſorrow that he felt for your fits of illneſs, have haſtened old age upon him.

him. You ſee then, how ungrateful and unreaſonable it would be to take an averſion to him on account of his age. And do you think yourſelf any better founded in ſaying that a young ſervant would anſwer our purpoſe? That deciſion is above your age, and requires more experience than you can poſſeſs. At another time I will make you ſenſible of the advantage that an old ſervant has above a young one in diligent and faithful ſervice.

Percival. I believe it, papa, ſince you ſay ſo. But he wears a wig; and it is *ſo* droll to ſee a man in a wig ſtanding behind your chair at dinner. I can hardly turn my eyes towards him, without being ready to laugh out.

Mr. Dexter. That does not ſhew a good diſpoſition, boy! I ſhould never have ſuſpected you of it. Do you know that he loſt his hair in a long and dangerous ſickneſs? To ridicule him is then to inſult God who ſent this ſickneſs on him.

Percival. But he is always grumbling, and is not ſo merry as the other ſervants.

Mr. Dexter. Colin may be ſerious, but is not a grumbler. It is true, he is not ſo nimble

nimble as a young puppy of eighteen or twenty; but does he incur your diſlike on that account? O ſon, that thought makes me ſhudder! Then you will have an averſion to me too, if God ſhould grant me a long life?

Percival. Oh! no, papa; I am not ſo wicked.

Mr. Dexter. And do you think that it is not ſo to hate Colin, becauſe his age hinders him from being ſo alert as he was formerly?

Percival. I am wrong, papa, I confeſs; and I aſſure you that I am very ſorry for having——

Mr. Dexter. Why do you ſtop? For what are you ſorry, do you ſay?

Percival. If I diſcover my fault to you, perhaps you will be angry with me and I ſhall gain nothing by it but a puniſhment.

Mr. Dexter. You know, child, that I am not fond of puniſhing, and that I try that method very ſeldom. It is by kindneſs and good advice that I endeavour to correct your ſiſter and you. I do not know what fault you have committed, therefore cannot promiſe abſolutely not to chaſtiſe

you. Is it on thoſe terms that you intend to make a confeſſion? You know my affection for you. That is the only ſecurity that I can give you; and you may depend on it with as much confidence as on my promiſe.

Percival. Well, papa, I own that—I called Colin—an old rogue.

Mr. Dexter. How? Is it poſſible? Could you ſo far forget how you ſhould behave to an honeſt man? And did Colin hear you?

Percival. Yes, papa; and that is what troubles me moſt.

Mr. Dexter. It is very well to be ſorry. But it is not enough to be concerned for having affronted one of our fellow-creatures to his face: we ought to feel the ſame ſorrow for affronting him in his abſence.

Percival. Yes, I am ſorry to have uſed Colin ill at all: but what grieves me moſt, is, that I treated him ſo before his face; for—

Mr. Dexter. You have begun to open your heart to me; conclude!

Percival. Yes, papa—for Colin, when I uſed him ſo ill, ſhed tears, and ſaid, The pains and infirmities of my old age are not enough,

enough, but I muſt moreover be the laughter of childhood.

Mr. Dexter. Poor Colin! I know him well. That ill treatment would go to his heart. It is indeed hard at his age to be the laughing-ſtock of a child. But how much more muſt he ſuffer in receiving this treatment from a child whom he has known from his birth, and ſerved with an attachment that can never be requited!

Percival. Oh! papa, how much am I to blame! I will aſk his pardon; and be aſſured that in all my life he ſhall never again have reaſon to complain of me.

Mr. Dexter. Very well, child: on this condition alone God and I can pardon you. We are all weak, and liable to be carried away by our paſſions for a moment. But when we return to ourſelves, we muſt thoroughly repent for our fault; we muſt force our pride to make amends for it, and uſe all our reſolution to avoid it for the future. But I ſhould wiſh to know what could make you behave ſo ungenerouſly to Colin. Had he offended you?

Percival. Yes, papa—At leaſt I thought ſo. I was playing with my pop-gun, and

aimed to ſhoot a pea at his face. Have done, Maſter Percival, ſays he, or I ſhall go and complain to your papa. His threatening made me angry, and then I called him names.

Mr. Dexter. It was on purpoſe, then, that you ſtrove to vex him?

Percival. I cannot deny it.

Mr. Dexter. That aggravates your fault; and that was what made him ſhed tears.

Percival. Dear papa, if you give me leave, I will go to him this moment, and aſk his pardon. I ſhall not be eaſy until he forgives me.

Mr. Dexter. Yes, child; we ſhould never put off the performance of our duty for a moment. I ſhall wait for you here. (*Percival goes out, and returns ſhortly after with an air of ſatisfaction.*)

Percival. Papa, now I am pleaſed with myſelf. Colin has forgiven me with all his heart; and I do not think that I ſhall ever commit the ſame fault again.

Mr. Dexter. God forbid that you ſhould! Without his grace you can never anſwer for the firmeſt reſolution.

Percival.

Percival. And what ſhould I do for that purpoſe?

Mr. Dexter. Pray for his aſſiſtance. He will not refuſe it to you.

Percival. I will pray for it from the bottom of my heart. But papa, there is another thing that I have juſt now done without your leave, and which perhaps will make you angry.

Mr. Dexter. What is that, child?

Percival. The new crown-piece that you gave me as a Chriſtmas-box, I have given to Colin.

Mr. Dexter. Why ſhould I be angry at that? I am very well pleaſed that you ſhould do good actions of yourſelf, without acquainting me. You may diſpoſe of all the money that I give you. It is your own; and you could not make a better uſe of it. We ſhould early accuſtom ourſelves to a prudent generoſity. Did Colin ſeem ſatisfied?

Percival. He dropped tears of joy, and I was pleaſed to ſee it.

Mr. Dexter. I applaud you for that ſentiment, my boy. A humane heart always rejoices to ſoften the diſtreſſes of its fel-

low-creatures. All the virtues produce joy in our ſouls, but none fills them with ſenſations more delightful and more laſting than beneficence.

Percival. Indeed if ever I poſſeſs the means, I will relieve all thoſe about me that are in diſtreſs.

Mr. Dexter. My laſt prayer to heaven ſhall be to ſtrengthen this virtue in your heart, and to render you capable of putting it in practice.

Percival. And ſhall I be every time ſo well pleaſed as to-day?

Mr. Dexter. It is the only pleaſure that never grows weak. Endeavour above all things to enjoy it in your family. If your ſervants are honeſt people, you ought to gain their affections ſtill more by kind treatment than by money; and at the ſame time not neglect to make them ſmall preſents now and then. If you beſtow them ſeaſonably, and with a good grace, you will make your ſervants your firmeſt friends.

Percival. But papa, have they not their wages?

Mr. Dexter. They have them for their ſervice; no more. But ſmall preſents will create

create affection in them, and they will go beyond their duty.

Percival. I do not underſtand you very well, papa.

Mr. Dexter. Colin will ſerve as an inſtance to explain my meaning. I give him his wages, his clothing and his food, for ſerving me. When he has ſerved me, are we not quit? Does he owe me any thing more? At the ſame time, you know, he takes care of every thing in the houſe; he has of himſelf undertaken the trouble of inſpecting the other ſervants, and has often ſaved me great expences. He does all this through good-will, without any particular order; becauſe I gained his gratitude by occaſional preſents. When your years will allow you to mix in the world, you will hear nothing in every family but complaints of the negligence and ingratitude of ſervants. Be aſſured, my dear, that the fault lies oftenеſt with the maſters who endeavour to inſpire them with fear, rather than with attachment.

Percival. Now I underſtand you perfectly; and I will hereafter make uſe of your inſtructions and your example.

Mr. Dexter. You will never have reaſon to repent following them. I inherited them from my father, and ſhall always remember what he uſed to tell us on this ſubject.

Percival. O papa, if it be not too much trouble, I ſhould be glad to hear the ſtory.

Mr. Dexter. I take pleaſure in making you this return for acknowledging your fault, and for your generoſity to honeſt Colin. " Captain Flood, a brave officer, who had retired from the ſervice, lived upon his eſtate, with his wife, an amiable lady, and five children worthy of ſuch excellent parents. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood had the greateſt reſpect for them, and this family all together formed the moſt pleaſing ſight imaginable. The ſweetneſs of Mr. Flood's diſpoſition, and the excellent order that ſubſiſted in his houſe, gained him the good-will and admiration of all thoſe who had the happineſs of knowing him. The young people in thoſe parts were eager to be in his ſervice; and whenever a place was vacant in his family by a ſervant's dying or going away, it was ſought for as a deſirable ſituation. Content appeared in the faces of all his people.

ple. To ſee them, one would have taken them for dutiful children round their father. His orders were ſo juſt and ſo moderate, that not one of them ever had a thought of diſobeying him. Harmony reigned amongſt them as amongſt brothers. If ever they diſputed, it was which had moſt zeal in the ſervice of their maſter, and moſt attachment to his intereſts. Mr. Fulmer, who was formerly an intimate of Captain Flood's, and had like him retired to his eſtate in another county, ſtopped one day at his houſe, in paſſing that way on his road to London. After a variety of diſcourſe, the converſation fell at laſt upon the diſagreeable circumſtances frequently attending the care of a family. Mr. Fulmer complained of the fatiguing employment of watching over ſervants; that he had never found any but ſuch as were inſolent, idle, or inattentive to their maſter's buſineſs. As to that, ſaid Mr. Flood, I cannot complain of mine. For theſe ten years I have had no weighty ſubject of diſpleaſure. I am very well ſatisfied with them, and they are the ſame with me. That is a happineſs not very common, ſaid Mr. Fulmer. You

muſt have ſome particular ſecret for making good ſervants, and for keeping them in that perfection. The ſecret is very ſimple, anſwered Mr. Flood; and here it is, continued he, pointing to a ſmall deſk. I do not underſtand you, ſaid Mr. Fulmer; but Mr. Flood without making any reply, opened the deſk. It contained ſix drawers, with theſe titles:—*Extraordinary expences.*—*For myſelf.*—*For my wife.*—*For my children.*—*Servants wages.*—*Gratuities to them.*——As I have always by me, reſumed Mr. Flood, a year's rent of my eſtate beforehand, I make ſix portions of it at the beginning of every year. In the firſt drawer I put a certain ſum, which is inviolably reſerved for unforeſeen occaſions. In the ſecond, what I intend for my own expences. The third contains the money neceſſary for the domeſtic charges of the family, and my wife's pin-money. The fourth, ſufficient for the proper education of my children. The wages of my ſervants are in the fifth; and in the ſixth are the gratuities that I beſtow them. It is to this laſt drawer that I owe the happineſs of having never had bad ſervants. Their wages are for what their duty requires of them:

them: but the preſents that I diſtribute to them occaſionally, are for the performance of what is not ſtrictly compriſed within their duty, for ſervices in which their affection to me outſtrips my orders and my wiſhes."

THE USEFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.

ONE fine morning, in the month of June, Ambroſe prepared to ſet out with his father on a party of pleaſure, which for a fortnight before had taken up all his thoughts. He had riſen, contrary to his cuſtom, very early, in order to haſten the preparations for his jaunt. However, juſt as he thought that he had reached the object of his wiſhes, the ſky darkened all at once, the clouds grew thick, and a violent wind bent down the trees and raiſed up a tempeſt of duſt. Ambroſe went down every moment into the garden, to obſerve how the ſky looked: he then ſkipped up the ſtairs three at a time, to examine the barometer; but the ſky and the barometer

were both againſt him. For all this, he did not ſcruple to give his father good hopes, and to aſſure him that theſe unfavourable appearances would diſperſe in a moment; that preſently it would be the fineſt weather in the world; and he concluded, that they ought to ſet out directly, to have the benefit of it.

Mr. Powell, who did not repoſe a blind confidence in his ſon's prognoſtics, thought it more prudent to wait a little. Juſt then the clouds burſt, and diſcharged a heavy ſhower of rain. Ambroſe, who was doubly diſappointed, began to cry, and obſtinately refuſed to be comforted. The rain continued until three o'clock in the afternoon. At length the clouds diſperſed, the ſun reſumed its luſtre, the ſky its clearneſs, and all nature breathed the freſhneſs of the Spring. Ambroſe recovered his good humour by degrees, in proportion as the ſky brightened. His father took him out a little way, and the calmneſs of the air, the ſinging of the birds, the freſh green of the fields, and the ſweet perfume that breathed all round him, reſtored peace and ſatisfaction completely to his heart. Do not

not you remark, ſaid his father to him, the agreeable change juſt now produced all around you? Recollect how dull every thing yeſterday appeared to us; the ground parched up by a long drought, the flowers without colour, and hanging their languid heads; and in ſhort, all vegetation ſeeming to be at a ſtand. What muſt we ſuppoſe to have ſo ſuddenly made nature appear young again? The rain that has fallen to-day, ſaid Ambroſe.

The injuſtice of his complaints, and the folly of his behaviour, ſtruck him ſenſibly as he pronounced theſe words. He bluſhed, and his father judged that his own thoughts would be ſufficient to teach him another time to ſacrifice, without reluctance, a ſelfiſh pleaſure to the general advantage of mankind.

THE PARRICIDE.

WHAT dreadful weather! I periſh with cold and have no ſhelter againſt the bitter winds, no bed to warm my benumbed

numbed limbs. I am old, and my ſtrength is exhauſted by labour. Unnatural ſon! the thought of you tears my heart. Unnatural ſon! I gave you life; I nouriſhed you, and took care of your weak and ſickly infancy. When I ſaw you ſuffer through illneſs, my tears fell upon your cheeks. You loved me at that time, and would ſay, while you careſſed me: "Papa, what makes you cry? I am not ſick now: do not be troubled; ſee I am quite well." You raiſed yourſelf up in your bed; your little hands would play in my hair, and you would ſay again, "Do not grieve any more; I am cured." And as you ſpoke the words, you would fall down again through weakneſs. You would ſtrive to ſpeak, but could not. At laſt, however, your body grew ſtrong; you became hale and robuſt, and you ſhould have been the prop of my old age. I laboured all my life for you, and now you ſhut me out of your houſe in the midſt of wind and ſnow. "We cannot live together any longer, father," ſaid you to me in your fury. And why not, my ſon? What have I done to you? I have exhorted you

to

to virtue; that is all my crime. When I ſaw you ſpend in debauchery the earnings of ſixty years labour, the fortune of which I willingly ſtripped myſelf to enrich you, I pointed out your danger to you. God is my witneſs that I was more anxious on your account than on my own. Was I not ſilent long enough, for fear of troubling you? But my ſilence and my ſorrow, which I ſtrove to hide, made no impreſſion on you. I was then obliged to ſpeak. I thought it my duty then to reſume the prerogative of a father; yet my authority was tempered with mildneſs. My diſcourſe was as tender as it was earneſt. I ſpoke to you of your mother who died through grief on account of your diſorderly life! I ſpoke to you of myſelf, whom the ſame cauſe would probably ſend to my grave. I ſhewed you my aged cheeks almoſt worn with the tears that you have made me ſhed. I ſhewed you my grey hairs which ſtood on end through anguiſh and ſorrow. I opened my arms to you, to invite you to my boſom. I ſhould have fallen on my knees to you, if your father, even in that humble poſture,

could

could have ſoftened you. And you, my ſon—I can ſcarcely believe it yet—you advanced towards me with a threatening air: your arm was ſtretched out, and your gate ſhut againſt me. You my ſon? You are no longer ſo. Why do my bowels ſtill feel the yearnings of a father towards you? I am tempted to wiſh that I could curſe you: but inſtead of that I dare not breathe forth even my complaints aloud. I fear leſt heaven ſhould hear them, and leſt this houſe, which you have ſhut againſt me, ſhould fall upon your head. I will lay myſelf down on the ſtone before your door. To-morrow you cannot come out without ſeeing me, and I hardly think that your heart will not ſoften when you ſee what I ſhall have ſuffered during this dreadful night. But if the ſeverity of the ſeaſon, if my exhauſted old age, and ſtill more, the ſorrows that wound my heart, ſhould occaſion my death, then ſhudder at thy crime; weep for me, and for yourſelf ſtill more. Alas! I ſhould think even my death a fortunate circumſtance, if it could produce your reformation.

Such

Such were the complaints of this old man. But the north wind all the live-long night carried away his ſighs unheard. The tempeſt filled the air with dreadful howlings; the ſhattered trees of the foreſt were bent down; and all nature ſeemed to ſhudder with horror at the crime of the ſon. The next morning the old man was found dead upon the ſtone. He had his hands claſped together, and his face turned towards heaven. The name of his ſon was the laſt word that he had pronounced. He had prayed to the very laſt moment for the parricide.

JONATHAN.

JONATHAN, a gardener of Lincoln, was looked upon as the moſt ſkilful in the county. His fruits ſurpaſſed thoſe of his neighbours in ſize, and were always found to have an exquiſite flavour. All the firſt gentlemen round about were ambitious of having his peaches at their deſerts, ſo that he had no occaſion to ſend his melons

to

to the market; they were beſpoke on the beds; and very often could not be had for money. The reputation that he obtained, and the profits that he drew from his labours, increaſed his aſſiduity in the cultivation of his garden. Rich and induſtrious as he was, he eaſily found a proper match, and eſpouſed Claribell, a young woman in the neighbourhood, as prudent as ſhe was handſome. The firſt year of their marriage was very happy. Claribell aſſiſted her huſband in his labours, and the fruits of their garden were more proſperous than ever.

Unhappily for Jonathan, near his houſe there lived another gardener, called Guzzle, who at day-break fixed himſelf in an alehouſe, which he ſeldom left before night. Jonathan was delighted with Guzzle's hearty humour, and was not long before he fell into the ſame taſte. At firſt, he went now and then to meet him at the alehouſe, and only talked to him of gardening; but very ſoon, in his own garden, he talked to him of nothing but ſtrong beer. Claribell was grieved at the change in her huſband's behaviour. As ſhe had not as yet ſufficient experience

experience herſelf to undertake the care of the wall-trees, ſhe was frequently obliged to bring him home to his work, and uſually found him amongſt his pots and glaſſes. Alas! it would often have been better for him to ſtay from the garden. His head was now generally muddled with beer when he went to work upon his trees, and his pruning-knife cut away at random amongſt the branches: thoſe that bore were cut, as well as thoſe that did not; and the fine peach-trees, on which laſt year there had not been a ſingle bough unfruitful, now only ſtretched their lazy arms, like ſo many yawning idlers. The more Jonathan found his garden decay, the more fond he grew of this ſottiſh way of life. His fruit and his vegetables had loſt their great name, and not being able by his earnings to ſatisfy his fondneſs for drink, he parted by degrees with his furniture, his linen, and his clothes. At length one day, when his wife was gone to market with ſome roots that ſhe had reared herſelf, he went and ſold all his garden utenſils, in order to drink the money with Guzzle. It would be difficult to deſcribe Claribell's grief at her

her return. To be reduced from a moderate competency to the moſt deſtitute poverty was not the height of her misfortune. She felt ſtill more ſtrongly for the fate of her huſband, and of a young infant, ſix months old, which ſhe had then at the breaſt. Who ſhould ſuppoſe that this child was to ſave the whole family from deſtruction?

The evening of the ſame day, Jonathan came home ſwearing, threw himſelf into a chair, and leaning on his elbow over the table, ſurlily aſked his wife for ſomething to eat. Claribell handed him a large caſe-knife, and a baſket that was covered with her apron. Jonathan ſnatched the apron off; but what was his ſurpriſe, to ſee his own child faſt aſleep in the baſket! "Eat there, ſaid Claribell to him; it is all that I have left to give you. You are the father of this child, and if you do not devour him, famine and miſery ſhortly will." Jonathan, thunderſtruck at theſe words, remained ſpeechleſs, with his eyes ſtupidly fixed upon his ſon. At length his ſorrow broke out in tears and exclamations. He riſes, and embracing his wife, aſks her pardon, and promiſes

promiſes to reform; and he kept his word.

His father-in-law, who for ſome time had refuſed to ſee him, being informed of his good intentions, advanced him a ſum to enable him to put his garden in order again. Jonathan made good uſe of this ſupply, and very ſoon his garden flouriſhed as happily as ever. He became once more, and continued even to his old age, active, induſtrious, a good huſband, and a good father. He took pleaſure ſometimes (tho' he bluſhed at the ſame time) in telling this ſtory to his ſon, who, from his example, conceived ſuch an averſion to drinking and idleneſs, that he was all his life as ſober as he was laborious.

THE PLEASURES OF WORK.

Lady Stanfield.

WHAT is the matter, Viola? You ſeem grieved.

Viola. So I am, mama.

Lady Stanfield. At what, my dear? I thought

thought to ſee you come back quite in ſpirits after your walk.

Viola. My walk was pleaſant at firſt; but in coming home, as I paſſed before our carpenter's houſe, I ſaw his three children ſitting at the door, and crying moſt piteouſly. They were ſtarving with hunger.

Lady Stan. How can that be? Their father has a good trade, and it is not a week ſince I paid him three guineas for work done about our houſe.

Viola. So my governeſs told a woman, one of the neighbours, that came up to comfort the children, and gave them ſome bread.

Lady Stan. And what did ſhe ſay?

Viola. This poor man, ſaid ſhe, is much to be pitied. He works night and day, and is never the richer; his wife manages ſo ill. She knows nothing of houſewifery. She can neither ſew, nor ſpin, nor knit; and cannot even get up the family's linen. If her huſband wants a clean ſhirt, he muſt have it waſhed and mended out of the houſe.

Lady Stan. Sad management indeed! and I do not wonder that you were grieved at finding

finding a woman who does not perform any ſingle duty of her ſex. I wiſh ſhe may be the only one of that ſort that you will ever meet.

Viola. But mama, this is not all. As ſhe can do nothing for her family, nothing in the world, idleneſs has led her to drinking. When her huſband, after working hard, thinks to have a good meal ready for him at his return home, he finds his wife ſtretched upon the bed, intoxicated; and very often his children have not a bit of bread to eat the whole day. Don't you think thoſe poor children much to be pitied?

Lady Stan. I pity them as much as you do, my dear; but on this diſagreeable occaſion, you had an opportunity of making a remark that may be ſerviceable to you all your life.

Viola. What is that, mama?

Lady Stan. That a woman who neglects the employment of her ſex and condition, is the moſt contemptible and unhappy creature in the world. You may now perceive the reaſon why your papa and I conſtantly adviſe you to be doing ſomething.

Viola.

Viola. Oh! yes, mama; I ſee now how much you love me when you inſtruct me in my work. But pray tell me, have young ladies of fortune and quality any occaſion to learn ſo many things? When they are married, have not they waiting women to do for them whatever they want?

Lady Stan. My dear Viola, work is abſolutely neceſſary for them as for the children of the poor. Not to mention the reverſes of fortune that may one day deprive a woman of every means of ſubſiſtence, except the labour of her own hands: and yet theſe reverſes are common enough. But in the higheſt rank of life, amidſt a crowd of ſervants ready at her call, ſhould not ſhe herſelf know ſomething of what work is, in order to employ every one properly in his ſeveral way, not to require of them more than they can perform, to be able to recompenſe their diligence by making their ſervice eaſy, and thus to gain their attachment and reſpect. Obliged by her rank and her wealth to employ a great number of tradeſmen, how will ſhe be able, without knowing what work is herſelf, to ſet the proper value upon that of others, by

by neither cutting ſhort the fair demand of an uſeful tradeſman, nor yielding to the impoſitions of the vender of luxuries and faſhionable toys; and thus on the one hand indulge a generoſity ſuitable to her birth, and on the other, guard againſt an uſeleſs expence? Beſides, what a pleaſure for a ſenſible woman to ſee herſelf and her children clothed in the work of her own hands, and to employ the ſavings of ſuch œconomy in relieving the ſick and indigent, and bringing up their children, ſo that they may in proper time maintain their parents?

Viola. O! pray don't let us loſe a moment. Teach me all that, mama.

Lady Stan. I will, my dear; that I may, by ſo doing, both perform my own duty, and aſſiſt you to follow the dictates of nature and religion; but particularly that I may ſave you from that dangerous diſſipation which a habit of idleneſs may render agreeable, and even neceſſary. I will do it in order to make domeſtic retirement not unpleaſing to you; in order to make you amiable in the eyes of your huſband, and reſpectable in thoſe of your children; in order to procure you hereafter a relief and amuſement that may

divert

divert your attention from the evils of life, which might otherwiſe affect you too forcibly; and in fine, to inſure to you the tranquillity of a good conſcience, and to render you happy every moment of your life. You have ſeen, by the example of the carpenter's wife, to what odious vices idleneſs may lead us. But what think you of that vapouriſh unhappy liſtleſſneſs, the moſt inſupportable torment to a woman? I can give you, perhaps, a ſlight idea of it, and proportioned to your underſtanding, in the ſtory of a little girl of your own age.

Viola. O dear, mama! make haſte; let us have the little girl's ſtory.

Lady Stan. Then here it is. "Mrs. Friendly was always happy in being employed, and never paſſed a quarter of an hour otherwiſe the whole day. Angelica, her daughter, could hardly believe her when ſhe talked to her of the ſatisfaction ariſing from induſtry, and the diſagreeable effects of doing nothing. It is true, ſhe worked whenever her mother bid her, for ſhe was accuſtomed to obey; but one may eaſily imagine how unhappy ſhe was at her work, as ſhe never began it but with reluctance. My

My dear child, Mrs. Friendly would often ſay to her, when ſhe ſaw her at work with her head hanging down, and her hands in a careleſs poſture, I wiſh you may ſoon feel the tireſome languor that ariſes from having nothing to do, and the ſatisfaction that one enjoys in being moderately employed. This wiſh, inſpired by her affection, was not long unaccompliſhed. Angelica, then about eleven years old, was to go one day with her mother to a country-houſe many miles off. Mrs. Friendly, at her departure, took her work-bag with her, and ſtrongly recommended to Angelica not to forget hers. Angelica was willing to obey; but how eaſily do we loſe ſight of a duty that is performed with reluctance! The work-bag was forgot. Their journey at firſt was quite agreeable. The weather was fine, and all nature ſeemed to ſmile. But about noon, the clouds thickened round the horizon, and the thunder rolled from one end of the ſky to the other. Their fright obliged them to ſtop at a ſmall town, where there was only one inn, and immediately afterwards the rain came down in a flood. As the approaching ſtorm had forced a number of

travellers to ſeek ſhelter in the inn, Mrs. Friendly and her daughter could not find a ſingle room in it diſengaged. She therefore ordered the horſes to be unharneſſed, and alighted at the houſe of a good old woman cloſe by, who very civilly reſigned them her bed-chamber and her bed, the only one ſhe had. How happy was Mrs. Friendly that ſhe had brought her work. The good old woman ſat beſide her, ſpinning at her wheel, and between work and converſation the long ſummer's afternoon paſſed away without ſeeming tedious to them. Poor Angelica was not very happy in the mean time. The cottage was ſmall, and after ſhe had viſited every corner of it, ſhe had then abſolutely nothing left to do. The rain, which ſtill fell in great abundance, did not allow her to ſet her foot out of doors; the terrible noiſe of the thunder left her no deſire for ſleep, and the converſation of the old woman, who could talk of nothing but her work, was not very likely to amuſe her. She begged her mama to let her have *her* work; but Mrs. Friendly told her very juſtly, that ſhe would not deprive herſelf of amuſement for her; that having

having taken care to bring with her ſomething to employ herſelf, it was but fair that ſhe ſhould enjoy the fruits of her attention, and that ſhe on the contrary ſhould ſuffer for her negligence and forgetfulneſs. Angelica could ſay nothing to reaſons ſo forcible. After many weariſome yawnings, ſighs of impatience, and fruitleſs murmurs againſt the weather, Angelica at length got to the end of the evening. She eat a ſmall ſupper without appetite, and went to bed much out of humour with her jaunt. How joyfully did ſhe riſe at the firſt ſummons of the ſun who roſe without a cloud! With what eagerneſs did ſhe haſten her mother's departure! At laſt the carriage was ready; and Mrs. Friendly, having generouſly rewarded the good old woman for her civility, ſet forward again as well ſatisfied with her manner of paſſing the day before, as Angelica was diſcontented with it. The roads had lately been much broken up, and the rain water which ſtill covered them, hindered the ruts from being obſerved. The chaiſe jolted out of one hole into another, the axle creaked, and the glaſſes rattled; at laſt a wheel broke down, and the

carriage was overthrown. Happily Mrs. Friendly and her daughter received no hurt. They recovered from their fright by degrees, and perceiving at a diſtance a little hamlet upon the ſide of a hill, Mrs. Friendly took her daughter by the hand, and attended by her ſervant, walked towards the hamlet, intending to ſend aſſiſtance to her coachman. There was in this place neither ſmith nor wheelwright; ſo that they were obliged to wait almoſt two days for wheels from town, as Mrs. Friendly would travel in no other carriage but her own. Poor Angelica, how ſhe cried! how ſhe lamented the tedioufneſs of the time! The fright of her fall had made ſuch an impreſſion on her, as to deprive her of the uſe of her limbs; ſo that ſhe could not enjoy even the amuſement of walking. What could Mrs. Friendly do to make her time leſs heavy? The ſtrict juſtice that ſhe made a point of purſuing with her daughter, forbad her to reſign her own work to her; beſides, Angelica had ſo neglected her improvement in needle-work, that ſhe would have entirely ſpoiled it. She then began to feel the value of employing one's ſelf, and

bluſhing

bluſhing with ſhame, ſaid thus to her mother: Indeed, mama, I have well deſerved what has happened to me, and now for the firſt time ſee the reaſon why you always adviſed me ſo ſtrongly to work. I have ſufficiently felt the weariſomeneſs of doing nothing. She then threw herſelf into her mother's arms, and hiding her face in her boſom, cried, I beg pardon, mama, for grieving you by my indolence. I ſaw that you were troubled to ſee me fret. But, for your ſake and my own, I ſhall change my behaviour from this moment. Mrs. Friendly kiſſed her daughter, praiſed her reſolution, and to ſtrengthen the effect of Angelica's ſelf-taught leſſon, ſhewed her how a taſte for work hinders our time from hanging heavy, and ſoftens the vexations of life, by diverting our thoughts from them in an agreeable and ſalutary manner. She bleſſed the accidents of a journey that had wrought ſo happy a change in her daughter.

Angelica, on the other hand, kept her promiſe, and even went beyond it; ſo that Mrs. Friendly never had reaſon to find fault with her afterwards, unleſs for too great application.

ARTHUR.

A Poor labourer, of the name of Bernard, had ſix young children, and found himſelf much at a loſs to maintain them. As an addition to his misfortune, the ſeaſon happened to be unfavourable, and conſequently bread much dearer than the year before. Bernard worked day and night, yet with all his labours could not poſſibly earn money enough to provide food (even of the moſt indifferent ſort) for ſix hungry children. He was reduced to extremity. One day therefore calling his little family together, with tears in his eyes he ſaid to them, My dear children, bread is grown ſo dear that with all my labour I am not able to earn ſufficient for your ſubſiſtence. You ſee how I am circumſtanced. This piece of bread in my hand muſt be paid for with the wages of my whole day's labour, and therefore you muſt be content to ſhare with me the little that I have been able to earn. There certainly will not be ſufficient to ſatisfy you all; but at leaſt there

Arthur

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there will be enough to prevent your periſhing with hunger. The poor man could ſay no more: he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and wept. His children wept alſo, and each ſaid within himſelf, O Lord, come to our aſſiſtance, unfortunate infants that we are! Help our dear father, and ſuffer us not to periſh for want! Bernard divided the bread into ſeven equal ſhares: he kept one for himſelf, and diſtributed the reſt amongſt his children. But one of them, named Arthur, refuſed to take his portion, and ſaid, I cannot eat any thing, father; I find myſelf ſick. Do you take my part, or divide it amongſt the reſt. My poor child! what is the matter with thee? ſaid Bernard, taking him up in his arms. I am ſick, anſwered Arthur; very ſick. I would go to bed. Bernard carried him to bed, and the next morning, overwhelmed with ſorrow, he went to a phyſician, and beſought him for charity to come and ſee his ſick child, and to aſſiſt him. The phyſician, who was a man of great humanity, went to Bernard's houſe, though he was very ſure of not being paid for his viſits. He approached Arthur's bed, felt his pulſe, but

could not thereby diſcover any ſymptom of illneſs. He found him, however, very weak, and, in order to raiſe his ſpirits, was going to preſcribe a cordial draught; but Arthur ſaid, Do not order any thing for me, ſir! I could take nothing that you ſhould preſcribe for me.

Phyſician. Could not take it! why not, pray?

Arthur. Do not aſk me, ſir: it is not in my power to tell you.

Phyſ. What hinders you, child? You ſeem to me to be an obſtinate little boy.

Arth. I aſſure you, doctor, it is not from obſtinacy.

Phyſ. It may be ſo: however, I ſhall not preſs you; but I will go and aſk the reaſon of your father, who perhaps will not be ſo myſterious.

Arth. Oh, pray, ſir, do not let my father know any thing of it.

Phyſ. You are a very unaccountable child! but I muſt certainly acquaint your father with this, ſince you will not confeſs the truth.

Arth. O dear! by no means, ſir: I will rather explain every thing to you myſelf.

But

But firſt I beg that my brothers and ſiſters may quit the room.

The phyſician ordered the children to withdraw, and then Arthur continued: Alas! ſir, in this hard ſeaſon, my father can ſcarcely earn us every day a loaf of coarſe bread. He divides it amongſt us. Each of us can have but a ſmall part, and he will hardly take any for himſelf. It makes me unhappy to ſee my little brothers and ſiſters ſuffer hunger. I am the eldeſt, and have more ſtrength than they: I like better, therefore, not to eat any, that they may divide my ſhare amongſt them. This is the reaſon why I pretended that I was ſick, and could not eat; but I entreat you not to let my father know this!

The phyſician wiped his eyes, and ſaid, But, my dear little friend, are you not hungry?

Arth. Yes, ſir, I am hungry, ſure enough; but that does not give me ſo much pain as to ſee my family ſuffer.

Phyſ. But you will ſoon die if you take no nouriſhment.

Arth. I am ſenſible of that; but I ſhall die contented. My father will have one

mouth leſs to feed; and when I ſhall be with God, I will pray him to give bread to my little brothers and ſiſters.

The humane phyſician was melted with pity and admiration on hearing the generous child ſpeak thus. Taking him up in his arms, he claſped him to his heart, and ſaid, No, my dear little friend, thou ſhalt not die! God, who is the father of us all, will take care of you and of this family. Return him thanks that he hath led me hither. I ſhall come back very ſoon. He haſtened therefore to his own houſe, and ordering one of his ſervants to take a quantity of proviſions of all ſorts, returned with him immediately to Arthur and his famiſhed little brothers. He made them all ſit down at table, and eat heartily, until they were ſatisfied. It was a delightful ſight for the good phyſician, to behold the joy of thoſe innocent creatures. On his departure, he bid Arthur not to be under any concern, for he would provide for their neceſſities; which promiſe he faithfully obſerved, and furniſhed them every day with a plentiful ſubſiſtence. Other charitable perſons alſo, to whom he related the circumſtance, imitated

gated his generoſity. Some ſent them proviſions, ſome money, and others clothes and linen, inſomuch that very few days paſſed before this little family had more of every thing than was ſufficient for their wants.

As ſoon as Bernard's landlord was informed of what the generous little Arthur had ſuffered for his father and his brothers, filled with admiration at ſuch nobleneſs of ſoul, he ſent for Bernard, and addreſſed him thus: You have an admirable ſon; permit me to be his father alſo. I will allow you an annuity out of my own pocket, and Arthur, with all your other children, ſhall be maintained at my expence, in whatever profeſſions they ſhall chuſe. If they make uſe of this eſtabliſhment to their own advantage, I will charge myſelf with the care of their fortunes.

Bernard returned to his houſe tranſported with joy, and throwing himſelf on his knees, bleſſed God for having given him ſo worthy a child.

MAURICE.

My dear Son,

DO not let the news that I am going to communicate afflict you too much. I wiſh I could conceal it from you, but I cannot. Your father is dangerouſly ill, and without a miracle in his favour we muſt loſe him. O heavens! my heart is ready to burſt when I think of his ſituation. For theſe ſix days I have not cloſed my eyes, and am now ſo weak that I can ſcarcely hold my pen. You muſt come home immediately. The ſervant who delivers you this letter, will return with you. Your father deſires earneſtly to ſee you. "Maurice, my dear Maurice, if I could embrace him before I die!" he has repeated a hundred times in the day. Would to heaven that you were here now! However, do not loſe a moment in packing up your things; and I have ordered the man to make all poſſible expedition. Every moment will be an age of anxiety to me, until I claſp you in my arms. Adieu, my dear child! may

the

the Lord protect you from all dangers on your journey! I wait your return with the moſt lively impatience, and am

Your ever affectionate mother,

Oxford.

CECILIA LAVINGTON.

Dear Couſin,

I have now no other friend but you to apply to, and from you alone I can hope for comfort in a misfortune too weighty for me to bear. Heaven has deprived me of what was deareſt to me on earth, my beloved huſband. You know how ſincere and tender an affection I bore him. This day ſe'nnight he deſired me to ſend for our ſon from ſchool. When Maurice was brought up to his bed, he ſtretched out his hand to him, and had ſcarcely given him his bleſſing, before he expired. With him is gone all the ſatisfaction and happineſs of my life. You ſee me now plunged into a ſituation the moſt diſtreſsful and afflicting to a woman, and a mother. Yet if I ſuffered alone, I could bear it; but my poor ſon ſighs by my ſide. He is not yet ſenſible

ſible of the misfortune of being an orphan. It wounds my heart to ſee him look up to me with tears in his eyes, while he preſſes my hand, and ſpeaks of his father. None but a mother can have an idea of ſo afflicting a ſight. I think at thoſe times that I read in his looks theſe melancholy words: "It is you alone, my dear mother, that muſt maintain me now." Wherever I go, he is at my ſide, and wipes the tears from his little eyes with my gown. Sorrow ſtops my voice when I would comfort him, for the very ſight of my child renews all my afflictions. How ſhall I maintain him? My poor huſband has left me nothing, and my hands are too feeble to work. To whom then ſhall I look for aſſiſtance, unleſs to you? On you alone I reſt all my hopes. Heaven, I doubt not, will diſpoſe your heart to relieve a deſtitute and forlorn widow, and to prove that the ties of blood which unite us are ſacred. I give up my ſon to your care. Whatever kindneſs you ſhew to him, I ſhall receive as performed for my ſake, and for the memory of a man who loved you. All the ſtrength and ſpirits that I have left I will exert,

exert, to gain myſelf a livelihood by working; but to bring up my ſon properly is beyond my power. I give him up therefore to you entirely. However ſevere it may be to part with my child, I muſt yield to neceſſity. In the mean time I comfort myſelf in the reflection, that I rely on the favour of a merciful God, and the kindneſs of a worthy relation. Be you to him as a father, and enable him hereafter to ſoften my afflictions. I am unable to proceed. My tears, which wet my paper, ſhew you ſufficiently what my heart feels. You have it in your power to determine my happineſs, and the well-being of my ſon. God will for ever bleſs your liberality; he will reward you even in this world for your kindneſs to two unfortunate relations. I am, dear couſin,

Your diſconſolate kinſwoman, &c.

Oxford.

CECILIA LAVINGTON.

Madam,

Yours of the 7th inſt. in which you inform me of your huſband's death, has given me

me the ſincereſt affliction. You may be aſſured, I partake of your grief, and feel ſtill more for your loſs than for my own. Yet I muſt confeſs, I cannot help being a good deal ſurpriſed that you think of applying to me alone for aſſiſtance. Is it abſolutely neceſſary that your ſon ſhould have the education of a ſcholar, and add another to the number of half-learned ſmatterers that are already in the world? Are there not many other profeſſions in which he may render as great ſervices to ſociety, and labour to more advantage for his own intereſt? Conſider with yourſelf, how without fortune or friends will he be able to advance himſelf? You know the world too well, to make it neceſſary for me to ſhew you that ſuch an attempt would be impracticable. On the other hand, it would be unpleaſing to yourſelf to ſee him chargeable to ſtrangers. You ſpeak of the ties of blood; but my own family, which is very numerous, puts me more forcibly in mind of them; and I beg you to believe that it is with great difficulty I can maintain them in a ſuitable manner. To load myſelf with an additional burthen, is abſolutely out of my

my power; and I am convinced, that upon more mature reflection, you will diſpenſe with my doing ſo. All that I can do is to put your ſon apprentice to a mercer at Rocheſter, a Mr. Durant, with whom I have concerns in buſineſs. I promiſe you, he ſhall be well treated there. You may ſend him upon trial for ſome time: and if approved, he will take him without a fee. Conſider maturely of my offer, and let me know your determination, and your ſon's. If he reſolves to go to the univerſity, it is abſolutely out of my power to maintain him there. I requeſt you to accept the encloſed order for four guineas, as a proof of my concern for your preſent diſtreſſed ſituation, and to believe me,

Madam, &c.

London.

Dear Sir,

I cannot forget the care that you and Mrs. Maſters took of me while at your academy, though I have at preſent ſcarcely ſtrength to write you theſe lines of acknowledgement. But my mama, who ſits by me

me crying, is unable through grief to take pen in hand, and has laid that taſk on me who am ſo unfit for it. However, from remembering your conſtant kindneſs to me, I find ſome ſatisfaction in writing to you, though I may ſucceed but indifferently. You are already informed, I ſuppoſe, of my papa's death. Ah! ſir, what you foretold is not come to paſs. You bid me not to be uneaſy: that I ſhould perhaps, when I came home, find my papa out of danger. But, alas! he is dead. My mama is now a poor widow, and I an orphan. I dreaded no leſs, as I came near our houſe. I had fallen aſleep in the chaiſe, and dreamed that my papa was in heaven; and that he took me by the hand, and ſpoke to me. At this I awoke, and in waking, ſeemed to hear the paſſing-bell toll. Yet we were not near the houſe, and had more than three miles to go yet. At laſt, when I arrived, my mama was at our door, waiting for me, all in tears. She kiſſed me, and took me up ſtairs to my papa who was in bed, and almoſt ſpeechleſs. When I kiſſed him, oh dear! how I cried and ſobbed. At this he opened his eyes, and ſeeing me, laid his hand

hand upon my head, and gave me his bleſſing; but in ſo faint a voice, as ſcarcely to be heard. Oh! you cannot imagine how my mama and I cried. All his neighbours and acquaintance were in tears, too, at his funeral; but mama and I more than any body. I begin to eat and drink a little, but my mama has abſolutely taken no nouriſhment, ſo that ſhe is as pale as death; and I beg of her continually not to die, for then I do not know what would become of me in this world. Ah! dear ſir, you may imagine how great a trouble it is to mama and me, that I am not able to continue my education. But it cannot be otherwiſe, and I muſt be content. My mama has written to her couſin in London, who is a rich merchant, to requeſt him to maintain me at ſchool; but he will not, and he ſays that I ſhall be no better than a half-learned ſmatterer. For my part, I think, I might have learning enough if my mother had the tenth part of his money. But it cannot be ſo; I muſt go apprentice to Mr. Durant the mercer, at Rocheſter. I cannot tell you how much that grieves me. Mama ſtrives to comfort me, and tells me that it is a reputable

putable line of buſineſs, and that I may make a fortune by following it with application. Bnt what does all this ſignify, when one diſlikes it? You know, dear ſir, that learning was all to me: I wiſhed to be as good a ſcholar and divine as my papa. Before, I had always a book in my hand; now I ſhall be employed in meaſuring ſilks with a yard. But I muſt hold my tongue, ſince it cannot be otherwiſe. Dear ſir, I wiſh you happineſs, and ſhall always think of you. I hope, too, that you will not forget me, and thank you again for your kind treatment of me. I ſuppoſe Mr. Durant will ſeldom take me to London, ſo that as I paſs there in my way to Rocheſter, I ſhall go and ſee you and Mrs. Maſters; and if ever I come into great buſineſs, you ſhall take whatever you pleaſe in my ſhop, without paying a farthing. Only try. You ſhall ſee. Meantime I am, and ever ſhall be,

Dear ſir,

(as you uſed to call me,)

your little friend,

Oxford. MAURICE LAVINGTON.

Maurice,

Maurice, Mrs. Lavington. Oxford.

Maurice. Oh! mama, the ſtage is ready to ſet off.

Mrs. Lav. (in tears.) My dear child, are you going then to leave me?

Maurice. Pray, mama, do not cry ſo, or I ſhall be dull all the journey. Where are my gloves? Oh! they are on my hands. I do not know what I am doing.

Mrs. Lav. What pain it is to part with you! I will accompany you at leaſt a little way out of town.

Maurice. Nay, dear mama, you are already ſo ill, and ſo weak!

Mrs. Lav. It is but half a mile, my dear.

Maurice. But you know, the doctor ſays that you muſt take care of yourſelf. If you were to come home worſe, and be obliged, like my papa, to take to your bed and die, I ſhould be the cauſe of it. No, you muſt not ſtir out, or elſe I'll not go.

Mrs. Lav. Well, my dear child, then I will ſtay.

Maurice. Yes, mama, do not move out, and

and when I am gone, lie down on the bed and try to reſt.

Mrs. Lav. Oh! I wiſh I could.

Maurice. Good bye, good mama.

Mrs. Lav. God bleſs you and watch over you, my dear child. Be good, honeſt, and induſtrious, and make your mother happy.

Maurice. You ſhall ſee, mama; you ſhall ſee that I will make you happy.

Mrs. Lav. Write to me regularly, at leaſt once a fortnight.

Maurice. Yes, every week, mama; and will you write to me too?

Mrs. Lav. Can you aſk that? I ſhall now have no other pleaſure upon earth. But ſhall we ever ſee each other again in this world?

Maurice. Oh! yes: we ſhall ſee each other again. I will take care to behave ſo well, that I will get leave to come and ſee you in ſix months. But mama, the ſtage is going off. I muſt leave you.

Mrs. Lav. One kiſs more, my dear child! Farewel! *(They wave their hands until out of ſight.)*

Mr. Durant, Maurice. Rocheſter.

Mr. Durant. What do you bring me there, my little gentleman?

Maurice. A letter, ſir; my name is Lavington. I ſuppoſe you know what it concerns.

Mr. Durant. Oh! you are little Lavington. I am glad to ſee you. I like your face very well. Have you a taſte for buſineſs?

Maurice, (ſighing.) Why yes, ſir.

Mr. Durant. You have been ſome time at ſchool; can you read?

Maurice. Yes, ſir, I could read when I was only five years old; and now I am twelve.

Mr. Durant. Then your father muſt have begun pretty early with you. Can you write too, and caſt accompts? How much is 6 times 8?

Maurice. 48; and 6 times 48 make 288; and 6 times 288 make—ſtop a moment—make 1728; and add 59 to that, it makes 1787 exactly, the preſent year of our Lord.

Mr. Durant. How? Why you caſt accompts

compts like a banker. I ſhall be glad to have ſo clever a little boy behind my counter.

Maurice. I hope, ſir, I ſhall give you ſatisfaction.

Mr. Durant. According as you behave yourſelf.

Maurice. Sir, I aſk no better.

Mr. Durant. I make no doubt but we ſhall be good friends.

Maurice. O ſir! you ſhall never have reaſon to find fault with me. I love my mama too well to run the riſk of grieving her.

Mr. Durant. Come then, I will introduce you to my wife and children. I have two, much about your age.

Maurice. I hope, ſir, to gain the regard of all your family.

Lady Abberville, Maurice.

Maurice, (carrying a piece of ſattin rolled up.) Your ſervant, madam. Mr. Durant gives his compliments to your ladyſhip, and ſends the twelve yards of ſattin, of the pattern that you ſhewed him. You know the price, madam?

Lady

Lady Abber. He aſked me thirteen ſhillings at the firſt word. That is ſomething dear.

Maurice. Have you a meaſure in the houſe, madam?

Lady Abber. Mr. Durant is an honeſt man. I never meaſure after him. How much does it come to?

Maurice. Seven pounds ſixteen ſhillings, madam.

Lady Abber. That is a good deal of money. Has he ordered you to receive it?

Maurice. That is as your ladyſhip pleaſes.

Lady Abber. Well, there are ſeven pounds ſixteen ſhillings. I ſhall call on him for a receipt; but if I were diſpoſed to cheapen, cannot you abate me ſomething?

Maurice. Yes, madam. Mr. Durant told me that I ſhould abate a ſhilling a yard.

Lady Abber. Well, my little boy, that is very honeſt. I am perfectly well pleaſed with your ſincerity. Let me ſee; that makes twelve ſhillings.

Maurice. Yes, madam; I have twelve ſhillings to return you.

Lady Abber. Keep them yourſelf my lit-

tle friend. This is my birth-day, and I will make you a preſent of them.

Maurice. Madam, I beg pardon, I cannot take them.

Lady Abber. You ſhall: it is my property, and I give it to you.

Maurice. Perhaps Mr. Durant would take it amiſs.

Lady Abber. That is my concern. I ſhall make that up.

Maurice. Madam, I return you a thouſand thanks. This money ſhall not ſtay long in my pocket. I will ſend it off directly to my mama, and mention your ladyſhip to her in my letter. I ſhall go and write it immediately.

Lady Abber. No, no; I muſt not let you go ſo faſt. I ſee that we have a good deal to ſay to each other. Tell me in the firſt place who is your mama, and where does ſhe live?

Maurice. Ah! my poor mama is widow to a clergyman of Oxford. My papa has been dead theſe two months. He was too charitable to the poor to leave much money behind him. He kept me at ſchool for three

three years near London; but I was ſent home a little before he died, becauſe he wiſhed to ſee me once more. And as it was not in mama's power to continue my education, a kinſman of her's ſent me to be apprentice to Mr. Durant the mercer. I am with him upon trial. But if my relation that is ſo rich had thought proper, I ſhould have gone to the univerſity and taken my degrees. Oh! I ſhould have been happy to follow my ſtudies, and to become one day a great ſcholar. I was always the foremoſt in my claſs, and my maſters were very fond of me. The next time that your ladyſhip ſhall have occaſion for any thing from us, I will ſhew you a letter from our head maſter, which I received a week ago. You will ſee by it how fond he was of me. Ay, and he ſays, he will be fond of me as long as he lives.

Lady Abber. I do not doubt it, my good child. You have already made me very fond of you, though this is the firſt time that ever I have ſeen you. But tell me; would you be glad to go from behind the counter, and return to ſchool?

Maurice. Would that were poſſible! But

my mama cannot do it; ſhe has not money enough, and ſchooling is expenſive.

Lady Abber. Yes; but if your mother has not, there are many people in the world that have more than enough. What would you ſay if I were to ſend you to a gentleman who ſhould examine you, to ſee if you have made good uſe of the time that you have ſpent at ſchool, and are likely to make a progreſs if you ſhould return thither?

Maurice. O, madam, how happy ſhould I be! Pray ſend me to the gentleman directly. You ſhall ſee what he will ſay of me. And then I may learn what I have not yet had time to know.

Lady Abber. Do you know the principal academy of this town?

Maurice. Oh yes, madam, I have often ſighed as I paſſed by the door of it.

Lady Abber. Well; ſtay a moment. (*She ſits down before her bureau, writes a letter and gives it to Maurice.*) There, run to the academy and aſk for the maſter. You muſt ſpeak to himſelf. You will give my compliments to him, and requeſt him to ſend a line in anſwer to my note.

Maurice.

Maurice. But, madam, I am in a hurry to ſend theſe twelve ſhillings to my mama.

Lady Abber. You can wait till to-morrow. Perhaps you may have ſtill better news to ſend her.

Maurice. I will firſt, madam, carry your letter, and then haſten to Mr. Durant who waits for me.

Lady Abber. Take care not to go aſtray.

Maurice. Oh! I ſhall find my way. I wiſh your ladyſhip good morning. In leſs than half an hour the maſter of the academy ſhall have your letter. I will fly to him like a bird.

Rocheſter.

The Maſter of the Academy, Maurice.

Maurice. Sir, I have a note for you from Lady ——. Oh! dear, I have forgot her name. But I will run back to her to know it.

The Maſter. There is no occaſion for that, child. I ſuppoſe the lady's name is to the note. *(He opens, and looks at the bottom.)* Lady Abberville! Oh! it is a hand that I know very well. *(reads.)*

" Sir,

" The child whom I ſend to you is a poor orphan. His father is lately dead, and his mother has been under the neceſſity of taking him from ſchool, in order to put him apprentice. He ſeems, however, to have a ſtrong deſire for learning; therefore I beg as a favour that you will have the goodneſs to examine him, and if you form any hopes of him, I ſhall charge myſelf with his education. This being my birth-day, puts me in mind of the duty to which we are born, that of doing good to our fellow-creatures; and this child ſeems to have been ſent by heaven to be the object of it. I requeſt you to give me your opinion of him, and am, ſir, &c."

Take a ſeat, my little man. I ſhall be at your ſervice in a minute. I am in haſte to finiſh a letter.

Maurice. Oh! ſir, what fine books you have there! it is a long time ſince I have looked into any. Will you pleaſe to let me open one while you write?

The Maſter. With all my heart, my dear.

Maurice.

Maurice. Hah! this is Homer. But it is in Greek. It is too hard for me. I never read it but in Engliſh.

The Maſter. What have you read Homer? And what do you think of him?

Maurice. He is full of fine paſſages, and eſpecially of beautiful ſimilies. Only I wiſh that Achilles had not been ſo paſſionate and ſtubborn.

The Maſter. What inſtances of paſſion or ſtubbornneſs do you find in him?

Maurice. Was it well done of him to leave the Grecks in diſtreſs? Was it their fault if he quarrelled with Agamemnon? They had done *him* no wrong. Should not he have ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded, when the deputies came to make ſubmiſſion to him in his tent? But, inſtead of that, he remains immoveable as a rock. I ſhould not have let them entreat me ſo long. I ſhould have followed them at the firſt word.

The Maſter. Then you are very good-natured.

Maurice. We ſhould be ſo towards all men, and eſpecially to our countrymen. Oh! you have a Sophocles too. The tra-

gedy of Philoctetes, I believe, is by him. I have read it in Engliſh. It is a very moving play. But I'll tell you, ſir, what I liked beſt in it.

The Maſter. I ſhould be glad to know.

Maurice. It is a young Grecian—What is his name?

The Maſter. Neoptolemus.

Maurice. Yes, yes; Neoptolemus. It is when he comes back and brings Philoctetes his bow and arrows. I think that I ſhould have done the ſame. But I beg pardon, ſir; perhaps my talk grows tireſome to you.

The Maſter. Not at all. I liſten to you with pleaſure. Beſides, my letter is finiſhed.

Maurice. Then, ſir, I will beg you to tell me what fine book of prints that is, that lies open on your deſk.

The Maſter. It is a collection of engravings from the fineſt paintings in the gallery at Florence.

Maurice. That is Jupiter; I know him.

The Maſter. How do you like him?

Maurice. I like the picture very well, but not Mr. Jupiter.

The Maſter. Why not?

Maurice.

Maurice. Becauſe he was an odious character. I do not know how the Greeks and Romans could be ſuch fools as to worſhip him. He was quite a libertine, and always quarreling with Juno. Is that acting like a God?

The Maſter. You are right. He was an improper and contemptible object of worſhip. However, nothing has been handed down to us concerning him but the imaginations of the vulgar; and you know that the people have always been blind and ſuperſtitious.

Maurice. Why our peaſants now-a-days have more ſenſe. Only imagine, ſir, the clergyman of a pariſh going into the pulpit, and preaching that God Almighty has a wife, whom he deceives and ſcolds every day. His pariſhioners would not believe a word of it.

The Maſter. How comes it that the vulgar are now more ſenſible than in former times?

Maurice. From the light of the goſpel. There every thing ſhews a juſt and good God. If I had lived in Greece, and had poſſeſſed ſuch a book, they would never

have worſhipped any other than the God that we worſhip.

The Maſter. Kiſs me, my fine boy; what is your name?

Maurice. Maurice Lavington.

The Maſter. Indeed, my dear Maurice, it would be a pity that you ſhould paſs your life behind a counter. You muſt apply yourſelf to learning again.

Maurice. Oh! I ſhould like that very well, if it was in my power.

The Maſter. I will give you my anſwer to Lady Abberville.

Maurice. Sir, I ſhall take it with pleaſure. But ſhe deſires you, ſir, I believe, to have the kindneſs to examine me.

The Maſter. I have done that already. I can judge of your underſtanding and your heart. Perhaps I may have the pleaſure of contributing to procure you a more happy lot. Amuſe yourſelf in looking over theſe prints, while I write my anſwer.

Maurice. Or rather, ſir, oblige me with a pen and ſome paper: I will write too.

The Maſter. To your benefactreſs?

Maurice. No, ſir; to another perſon.

The Maſter. May not I know to whom?

Maurice.

Maurice. When my letter is finiſhed, ſir, you ſhall ſee it.

The Maſter. I long to have a view of it. *(They both ſit down. Maurice writes the following letter.)*

" *Dear Sir,*

" I thank you a thouſand times for your kindneſs in taking notice of me and in writing to Lady Abberville. I ſhould be very happy to return to my former ſchool, where every body loves me; but ſince you will be the occaſion of my happineſs, I ſhall be glad to enjoy it under your eye. If I am ſo lucky as to be admitted into your academy, I will love you with all my heart. I hope, I ſhall be diligent and well behaved, and learn every thing that you will be kind enough to teach me. I hardly dare hope that it will be ſo. That depends on the will of Providence, and yours. But if I remain with Mr. Durant, you will not refuſe me the pleaſure of coming to ſee you now and then, and of converſing a little with you, and reading your fine books; otherwiſe I ſhall ſoon forget all that I have learned at ſchool, and I ſhould

be ſorry for that, although it is not much. I hope, dear ſir, you will have the goodneſs to oblige me, and I will let my mama know it, to comfort her ſorrows; for ſhe is very fond of me, and I too of her. Perhaps one day or other"——

The Maſter. Well, Maurice, is your letter finiſhed?

Maurice. No, ſir, not quite. I have more to ſay than you have. But there, ſir, read it, ſuch as it is.

The Maſter. How is this? Why it is addreſſed to me. Well, this is charming. No, my good little Maurice, you ſhall not remain at Mr. Durant's, but ſhall come to me, if you like it better. You will go now to Lady Abberville. Give her this note, with my humble reſpects, and let me know what ſhe ſays of it.

Maurice. O dear! ſhall I be ſo happy!—

The Maſter. Go, and heaven befriend you!

Maurice. Oh! I ſhall run, and be back again directly. (*Bowing to the maſter.*) Your ſervant, ſir.

Lady

Lady Abberville, Maurice. *Rocheſter.*

Lady Abberville. Well, Maurice, do you bring me an anſwer?

Maurice. Yes, madam; here it is.

Lady Abber. I am curious to know what it ſays; nothing very favourable, I am afraid.

Maurice. Oh! nothing unfavourable to me, madam, I am ſure.

Lady Abber. (reads to herſelf.)

" *Madam,*

" You could not give me a more ſenſible pleaſure than I felt in the converſation of this amiable child. His looks full of ingenuous innocence, the lively ſpirit that appears in his eyes and animates his diſcourſe, have warmly attached me to him. To ſhine as a man of letters is more ſuitable to his genius, than to purſue the line to which his father's death and the poverty of his family had deſtined him. I congratulate you, madam, on having choſen for the object of your generoſity a child of ſo fair hopes. Heaven ſeems to have thrown him in your way for that purpoſe. I am

ſtrongly perſuaded that his behaviour and ſentiments will never give you cauſe to repent, and ſhall eſteem myſelf very happy, if by my cares I can promote your generous intentions.

I have the honour to be, &c."

Lady Abber. The maſter ſeems to be only half ſatisfied with you.

Maurice. Oh! madam, he is quite ſatisfied. He told me ſo, and I can ſee it in your eyes.

Lady Abber. Ay? Can you ſee it there, my little cunning man? But, to ſpeak ſeriouſly, if there was a perſon that would take the charge of your maintenance and education, what would you do for that perſon?

Maurice. What would I do?—I hardly know. I can do nothing of myſelf, but I would pray for that perſon from the bottom of my heart, both day and night.

Lady Abber. Then you ſhall pray for me, my dear child, as for your ſecond mother.

Maurice. Will you be my mama?

Lady Abber. Yes, I will. Your father is dead. I will fill his place, and do every thing

thing for you that he would. You ſhall go to your learning again, and nothing ſhall be wanting to your education.

Maurice. Oh dear! my good mama, I can hardly ſpeak for joy.

Lady Abber. If you love me, you will never call me any thing but mama, remember.

Maurice. Oh! yes, mama. I am as happy as a king.

Lady Abber. You will loſe your little ſenſes. Come, be compoſed, and let us take a walk in the garden. I have ſomething to ſay to you of your mother.

Mr. Durant, Maurice. Rocheſter.

Mr. Durant. Where have you been ſo long?

Maurice. Oh! Mr. Durant, if you knew—

Mr. Durant. Knew! I know that you ſhould not be ſo long on an errand. Do not let this be the caſe another time. What! could not you find Lady Abberville at home?

Maurice. Yes, ſir, I found her, and I found her a ſecond mother to me.

Mr.

Mr. Durant. What ſtuff is this? Are you mad?

Maurice. No, ſir: but I am going to my learning again. I ſhall be put to an academy in a few days, and my mama, Lady Abberville, will come to-morrow and ſpeak to you about it.

Mr. Durant. What, do not you chuſe to ſtay with me, then?

Maurice. Why, ſir, I like learning and ſtudy better than buſineſs.

Mr. Durant. So then, you are only come hither to go away again? You have deceived me.

Maurice. No, ſir, I ſhould be very ſorry. I had not a thought of going, and could have ſtaid here contentedly. But ſuppoſe yourſelf in my place for a moment. If my papa had not died, I ſhould not have quitted ſchool to live here. A worthy lady acts to me like a parent and offers to put me to ſchool again: is it a fault in me to accept her ladyſhip's offer?

Mr. Durant. Well, you are only upon trial here, it is true, and your choice is free. You are very right. However, I wiſh I had

had never ſeen you, for I began to be fond of you, and now I ſhall grieve to part with you. *(Goes out.)*

Maurice. Mr. Durant is ſomething blunt, but a very worthy man. I ſhall be ſorry to leave him and his wife and his children. But I muſt write to mama. Oh! how happy will ſhe be on reading my letter! I wiſh that ſhe had it now in her hands, and that I were by her ſide the next moment. *(He begins to write.)*

" *Dear Mama,*

" Joy! joy! you are now free from all trouble, and I too. Do not, however, let tears of joy hinder you from reading my letter. This is the ſtory of my happineſs. Mr. Durant ſent me this morning to carry ſome ſattin to Lady Abberville. Oh! an excellent lady! How glad ſhould I be if you were here now! but do you know, mama, that you are to be here before a week? ſhe will give you an apartment in her houſe, and you will live with her, and I ſhall go to ſchool, and ſhall come to ſee you whenever you chuſe. Oh! that will be a happineſs; ſuch a happineſs! you remember,

member, for all that, how you cried when I was leaving you. You ſaid that you kiſſed me, perhaps, for the laſt time. I hope now, you will never have that to fear again. My mama is to ſend you money for the journey, for ſhe is as much my mama as you are, and I am very ſure that you will not be angry at that. All the money, however, that you receive in this parcel is not from her; there are twelve ſhillings from me. She gave them to me, and I ſend them to you. Make haſte to get every thing in readineſs for your journey hither; the ſooner you come the happier we ſhall be. I have ſpoken ſo well of you to the lady that ſhe wiſhes to ſee you almoſt as much as I do. Set out, ſet out: I ſhall watch the coming of every ſtage, to tell you the whole ſtory before you ſee her, though I ſuppoſe ſhe tells it to you herſelf in the letter that ſhe writes to you to-day. I have no time to add more, for I ſhould be afraid that my letter would be too late if I wrote all that I have to ſay.

I am, dear mama, &c."

Madam,

" *Madam,*

" How ſhall I find words to expreſs to you my joy and gratitude! Gracious heaven! my misfortunes are then at an end. I am happy and my child alſo, and to you we owe that we are ſo. How ſhall I be able to bear ſo ſudden an elevation from a gulf of miſery to the ſummit of joy! I have only tears to expreſs what I feel, and I am ſorry that I cannot give you even this teſtimony of my gratitude perſonally at this moment. You have wiſhed to be a mother, therefore you may, perhaps, form an idea of my happineſs; as for me, I want words to expreſs it, and I ſhall want them, perhaps, ſtill more when I for the firſt time ſee my ſon placed between us both, and our arms intermingled in embracing him. But you will underſtand my ſilence, which the ardor and ſincerity of my attachment to you ſhall perfectly explain every moment of my life.

I have the honour to be, &c."

Oxford.

THE

THE LITTLE FIDLER,

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. MELFORT,	
CHARLES, - -	*his Son.*
SOPHIA, - -	*his Daughter.*
GODFREY, - -	*his Nephew.*
AMELIA RICHMOND, and CHARLOTTE,	*Friends of Sophia.*
JONAS - -	*the Little Fiddler.*

Scene, Mr. Melfort's Houſe.

SCENE I.

Charles and Godfrey.

Charles. HARK ye, couſin. You muſt do me a favour.

Godfrey. Well, what is it? You have always ſomething or another to aſk me.

Charles. It is becauſe you are the cleverer of the two. You know the tranſlation of that fable of Phædrus, that our tutor has given me for a taſk.

Godfrey. What, have you not finiſhed it yet?

Charles.

The little Fiddler

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MAR

Charles. How do you think I ſhould have finiſhed it, when I have not begun it?

Godfrey. Have you not had time then to do it from twelve o'clock till four?

Charles. You ſhall ſee now whether that was poſſible. At one o'clock I could not help taking a turn or two in the garden, in order to get an appetite for my dinner. We were at table an hour. Then to ſit down and ſtudy immediately after one's meals, you know how dangerous papa's doctor ſays that is. So, as I had made a hearty dinner, I had occaſion for a good deal of exerciſe to digeſt it, you know.

Godfrey. Well, now at leaſt you have had exerciſe enough; and before dark there is more time than you want to finiſh your taſk.

Charles. You do not conſider that juſt now I muſt go to my writing.

Godfrey. But ſince your writing-maſter is not come—

Charles. I ſhall wait for him. It would be ſpoiling every thing to confound my hours of buſineſs.

Godfrey. Well then, after your writing, you

you have ſtill ſome of the afternoon and the whole evening.

Charles. I ſhall not have a minute. My ſiſter expects the two Miſs Richmonds to come to ſee her.

Godfrey. It is not on your account that they come.

Charles. No. But then I *muſt* help my ſiſter to entertain them.

Godfrey. What will hinder you when the young ladies go away?

Charles. O yes, indeed! to work by candle-light, and ſpoil my eyes. Yet my tranſlation muſt be ready by to-morrow morning.

Godfrey. Well! whether it is or no, what is that to me?

Charles. And would you ſee me, then, reprimanded by my tutor and my papa?

Godfrey. You always know how to get the better of me. Come, let me ſee, where is this taſk?

Charles. Above ſtairs in my room, on the table, I will go for it, or rather come you along with me.

Godfrey. Do you go firſt: I ſhall follow you immediately. I ſee your ſiſter coming

ing this way. She wanted to ſpeak with me.

Charles. But do not you go and tell her any thing of this; you underſtand me.

SCENE II.

Sophia and Godfrey.

Sophia. Well, couſin, what have you and my brother been converſing about? He has certainly been playing you one of his old tricks.

Godfrey. No, but he has been making me one of his old requeſts. He wants me as uſual to perform his taſk for him againſt to-morrow.

Sophia. And is my papa never to be informed of his idleneſs?

Godfrey. I ſhall not undertake that office. You know that ever ſince your mama's death, my uncle's health has been ſo precarious, that the leaſt emotion makes him ill for ſome days. Beſides, his generoſity ſupports me; and he might think that I wiſhed to hurt your brother in his eſteem.

Sophia. Well then, I ſhall talk to my brother the firſt opportunity—But do you know

know what I had to ſay to you? The Miſs Richmonds are coming to ſee me to-day, and youmuſt aſſiſt us in our amuſements.

Godfrey. Oh! I ſhall certainly do my beſt, couſin.

Sophia. See! here they are.

SCENE III.

Godfrey, Sophia, Amelia, and Charlotte Richmond.

Sophia. Ah! how do you do, my dear friends! (*They ſalute each other, and curtſy to Godfrey, who bows to them.*)

Charlotte. It ſeems an age ſince I ſaw you laſt.

Amelia. Indeed it is a long time.

Sophia. I believe it is more than three weeks. (*Godfrey draws out the table, and gives them chairs.*)

Charlotte. Do not give yourſelf ſo much trouble, Maſter Godfrey.

Godfrey. Indeed, I think it no trouble.

Sophia. Oh, I am very ſure Godfrey does it with pleaſure, (*gives him her hand.*) I wiſh my brother had a little of his complaiſance.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Godfrey, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Charles.

Charles. (*without taking notice of the Miſs Richmonds.*) This is very pretty of you, Godfrey, to let me wait ſo long while you are playing the fine gentleman here.

Godfrey. I thought I ſhould be the laſt perſon in the company to whom you would direct your compliments.

Charles. Oh! do not be angry, ladies; I ſhall be at your ſervice preſently.

Amelia. Oh, pray do not hurry yourſelf, Mr. Charles. (*Charles takes Godfrey aſide, and while the young ladies converſe together, draws a paper from his pocket, which he gives him.*)

Charles. There it is; you underſtand me.

Godfrey. Six lines! a great taſk indeed! are not you aſhamed?

Charles. Hiſt! hold your tongue.

Godfrey. Ladies, if you give me leave, I will juſt ſtep out for a few minutes.

Charlotte. We ſhall expect your return with impatience.

Sophia. Since you are going out, couſin, pray bid Jenny bring us in tea.

SCENE V.

Charles, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte.

Charles. (*throwing himſelf into an arm-chair.*) Soh! I ſhall take poſſeſſion of this.

Sophia. I think it would have been civil to aſk leave.

Charles. Your leave, perhaps?

Sophia. I am not the only perſon here.

Charlotte. I ſee your brother counts us as nothing.

Amelia. He thinks certainly that he does us a great deal of honour in keeping us company.

Charles. Oh! I know that you could do without my company; but I could not ſo eaſily deprive myſelf of yours.

Sophia. There at leaſt is the appearance of a compliment. Though, I believe, to ſay the truth, the tea ſhould come in for the greateſt part of it.

Charles. You are very right, my dear ſiſter, in not thinking that I ſtay at leaſt on your account.

Sophia.

Sophia. Oh! as to that, I have too humble an opinion of my own merit. All that I *ſhould* take pride in, is, that I am ſiſter to ſo polite a young gentleman. (*Jenny brings the tea, and ſets it before Sophia.*)

Charles. Let me pour it out, pray do.

Sophia. No, no, that is my buſineſs; you are a little too awkward. If you want to do ſomething, hand theſe ladies their cups.

Amelia. Not ſo much ſugar for me.

Sophia. Help yourſelf, my dear, to your liking. (*hands her a cup and the ſugar baſon. Charles takes a cup for himſelf, and gets hold of the ſugar.*) Charles, you have got three great lumps already.

Charles. Why, that is not too much. I like it pretty ſweet. (*takes ſeveral bits one after another, till his ſiſter gets the ſugar baſon out of his hands.*)

Sophia. Are not you aſhamed, brother? You ſee there will be none left for us.

Charles. Well, do not you know the way to the ſugar-caniſter?

Sophia. My brother would think he had done wrong if he ſaved his ſiſter any trouble.

Charles. No; but if you went for it, I

ſhould have the pleaſure of being alone with theſe ladies.

Amelia. Do you hear that, Sophia? Now will you ſay that your brother is not perfectly polite?

Sophia, (*having collected all the cups before her, and filled them again.*) Charles, hand Amelia this cup. (*Charles takes the cup, and in handing it to Amelia, ſpills the tea upon her ſlip.—They all riſe haſtily.*)

Sophia. There is an inſtance of his politeneſs! (*aſide to Charles.*) I dare ſwear, you ill-natured creature, that was done on purpoſe.

Amelia. O dear! what will my mama ſay? and what ſhall we do?

Charlotte. This is only the ſecond time that ſhe has had on this ſlip. Make haſte; a glaſs of clean water.

Sophia. No; I have heard that it is better to rub it with a dry linen cloth. Here is a handkerchief quite clean. (*They go to aſſiſt Amelia. Charlotte holds her ſlip, and Sophia rubs it. Meantime Charles remains at table, quite unconcerned, drinking his tea.*)

Charlotte. There, it begins to diſappear: you muſt let it dry.

Amelia. By good luck, it is in a fold where nobody will think of looking.

Charles. (*aſide.*) That is not my fault.

Sophia. There, look now Charlotte; I do not think it will be obſerved.

Charlotte. If I had not ſeen the ſpot before——

Amelia. Very true. However, Mr. Charles, another time I ſhall beg you to ſpare yourſelf the trouble of waiting on me.

Sophia. Come, ladies, let us take our places again. (*Going to pour out the tea, ſhe finds the tea-pot empty; looks angrily at Charles.*) Well! this is a piece of ill manners that I could not have imagined. Would you believe it, ladies? while we were ſo much concerned, he has taken all the tea. However, ſtop a moment, I will go and order more.

Charlotte. No, there has been quite enough; I could not drink another drop.

Amelia. The misfortune of my ſlip has taken away my thirſt.

Charles. I beg you will make no ceremony. They can ſoon bring us more.

Amelia. Really I think you ſhould have

known before-hand that your brother was to be one of the company.

Sophia. Thoſe who are not invited ſhould at leaſt wait until it were their turn.

Charlotte. Let us ſay no more about it. It does not give me the leaſt concern.

Sophia. Well, what ſhall we do now? O, here is our friend Godfrey. He will help us to fix on ſome amuſement.

Charles. (*mimicks her.*) Our friend Godfrey!—But, ladies, I muſt ſpeak to him before you. (*Goes to meet Godfrey, while the young ladies are converſing together.*)

SCENE VI.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Godfrey, Charles.

Charles. (*to Godfrey.*) Well, have you done it?

Godfrey. There; take it, and bluſh for your idleneſs.—Well, ladies, have you fixed upon any amuſement?

Amelia. No, we waited for you to determine us.

Godfrey. I have a little muſician below ſtairs at your ſervice. If you give me leave, I will

I will call him up to ſing you a ſong, or to play if you chuſe to dance.

Sophia. A little muſician! where is he? where is he?

Charlotte. We muſt own, Maſter Godfrey knows how to amuſe his company.

Godfrey. At the ſame time that we amuſe ourſelves, we ſhall do an act of charity; for the poor little fellow has no livelihood but his violin.

Charles. And who will pay him, Maſter Godfrey? He talks and acts as if the King were his couſin, and he has not a farthing all the while.

Sophia. Are not you aſhamed, brother?

Godfrey. Let him go on, couſin, he does not offend me. It is no crime to be poor. I am the more like my little muſician, who for all that is a very good boy. I will give him ſix-pence that I have remaining in my purſe; and he has promiſed to play for that all the evening.

Charlotte. We will make a collection to pay him.

Amelia. Yes, yes; we will club.

Godfrey. Shall I go for him? he waits below at the door.

Sophia. By all means, my dear couſin, and make haſte. (*Godfrey goes out; meantime Jenny brings in a cake upon a plate.*)

SCENE VII.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Charles.

Charles. I was only going to cut it up. (*Charles goes to take the plate from Jenny. Sophia prevents him.*)

Sophia. I ſhall ſave you the trouble; you would cut it up ſo well, I ſuppoſe, that we ſhould have no more of the cake than we had of the tea. (*She divides it and hands it round.*)

Charles. (*after taking his ſhare.*) Who is to have the piece that is left?

Sophia. What! is my couſin to have none?

Amelia. I would rather give him my part.

Charlotte. And I mine.

Charles. (*with a ſneer.*) He is exceedingly happy.

Sophia. Can you ſee nothing but his cake to envy him?

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Charles, Godfrey, (leading in Jonas by the hand, who has his violin under his arm.)

Godfrey. Give me leave to preſent you my young performer.

Charlotte and *Amelia.* He is a ſmart little fellow.

Sophia. Where do you come from, my man?

Jonas. I come from the wolds of Yorkſhire, ma'm?

Amelia. La! what has made you come thus far?

Jonas. Becauſe my poor father is blind, and cannot work. So we travel the country, and I ſupport him with my fiddle.

Sophia. Well, will you give us a ſpecimen of your performance?

Jonas. That I will with all my heart: but my ſkill is not very great.

Godfrey. Play your beſt; at any rate it will be well enough for me, and theſe ladies will be ſo good as to pardon you if you ſhould play a little out of tune.——

(*Jonas tunes his violin. Amelia in the mean time taking the plate preſents the remainder of the cake to Godfrey. He bows, takes the plate, and holds it in his hand without touching the cake, while he liſtens to Jonas. The latter begins by playing the air of the following ſong; then ſings.*)

I.

PITY the early hardſhips of a boy
Whoſe tender hands maintain an helpleſs ſire;
Alas! no other means can he employ,
But that compaſſion which their wants inſpire.

II.

Pity their lot, nor let them aſk in vain,
'Tis hard neceſſity implores your aid;
Worn out with toil the father works with pain,
The ſon is yet too young to have a trade.

III.

Oh! let their hardſhips touch the bounteous breaſt,
Relieve the aged ſire and helpleſs boy;
A little bread were wealth to the diſtreſt,
Alas! tis all their preſſing wants enjoy.

Godfrey.

Godfrey. (*giving him his hand.*) Poor child! then you are both in great diſtreſs?

Jonas. Alas! we are ſo; but with my fiddle I hope that we ſhall never be deſtitute. If we ſhould be ſick, God Almighty will take care of us; and if we die, we ſhall want nothing but a little ſpot of earth, which may be had any where.

Godfrey. But my poor little boy, perhaps you are hungry. Hold, here, take my cake.

Jonas. Oh! no, pray, good ſir, eat it yourſelf; a bit of bread ſerves me.

Godfrey. No, you ſhall have this; I can eat bread as well as you.

Jonas. Well, ſir, I thank you; but I will not eat it now. I will ſhare it with my poor father; he is not uſed to taſte ſuch good things.

Sophia. Your poor father, ſay you? here; you ſhall give *him* my part.

Charlotte. And take mine too.

Amelia. And mine.

Jonas. Oh! no, no; keep your cakes, my ſweet young ladies. One piece is enough for me. We are not uſed to fill our bellies with ſweet things.

Charles. (*ironically.*) He is right; that would ſpoil his fine voice.

Sophia. Nobody has aſked you for yours.

Charles. Oh, I have diſpatched that long ago.

Godfrey. Come, my man; will you taſte your cake firſt?

Jonas. Oh! no, maſter. Since you are ſo good as to give it me, allow me to wrap it up in my handkerchief and take it home.

Sophia. Stop a moment, I will give you a piece of linen cleaner than that, and meantime you may lay your cake in the window.

Jonas. I will, my good young lady. I come here to play upon the fiddle, not to eat.

Amelia. I ſhould wiſh to dance a minuet with Maſter Godfrey. Can you play any?

Jonas. Whatever you pleaſe. A minuet, a jig, or a country dance.

Amelia. Let us have the minuet firſt. (*Godfrey takes Amelia by the hand to dance.*)

Charlotte. Why cannot we both dance, (*advancing towards Charles.*) Mr. Charles?

Charles. Excuſe me, miſs, I can't dance.

Sophia. Yet he has learned full two years.

Charles.

Charles. I am not in a capering-humour to-day.

Charlotte. (*curtſying to him.*) So then I am refuſed.

Sophia. Come, couſin, lend me your hat. (*to Charlotte.*) I ſhall have the honour, ma'am, to be your beau.

Amelia. Then if we were to dance a double minuet?—

Godfrey. Miſs, I am at your ſervice. (*They dance a double minuet, after which Charlotte goes to take out Godfrey.*)

Charlotte. Mr. Godfrey, now I will dance with you.

Godfrey. I ſhall be happy, miſs, to have that honour.

Amelia. And now, Sophia, I will be your beau.

Sophia. As this goes, I find I muſt loſe my couſin; however, theſe ladies have the firſt title to your complaiſance. (*They dance another minuet, during which Charles goes to the window, takes Jonas's cake, and ſlips out of the room.*)

Sophia. (*to Godfrey who wipes his face.*) Ah! you give it up; you muſt own that we have ſtronger feet than you gentlemen.

Godfrey.

Godfrey. It is becauſe you are much nimbler.

Amelia. (*to Godfrey.*) If your couſin had been as complaiſant as you, we ſhould ſoon have overmatched you: for then one of us could take breath while the other two danced. (*They all look round for Charles.*)

Charlotte. O! he is gone; ſo much the better.

Jonas. Shall I a play another tune or two?

Godfrey. No; that is enough; unleſs, ladies, you would chooſe more. The poor little fellow will be glad to go and earn ſomething elſewhere. I have already told you how little I have in my purſe; and Charles has gone off without paying.

Charlotte. We will all contribute as well as you.

Amelia. Certainly, we mean it. (*takes out her purſe.*) There, Maſter Godfrey, is my purſe.

Charlotte. And here is mine.

Sophia. Hold, couſin, here is a ſhilling: keep your money, and this will do for us both.

Godfrey. No, no, Sophia, I have a right to

to pay firſt. (*They gather the money, and give it to Jonas.*)

Jonas. I will never take all that; this young gentleman promiſed me only ſixpence.

Godfrey. Take the whole, my man; we are very happy to be able to do you a ſervice.

Jonas. God Almighty reward you. (*To Sophia.*) Now, miſs, if you would pleaſe to give me a piece of old linen to wrap up the cake that you have made me take.

Sophia. I had quite forgot it. (*runs to a drawer, and takes out a handkerchief.*) There; it is a little worn, but it will do very well for your purpoſe.

Jonas. May heaven repay you for your generoſity. (*goes to the window for the cake.*)

Jonas. (*ſorrowfully.*) It is not here.

Sophia. What a ſad boy is that! he certainly has taken this poor child's cake.

Jonas. Do not be concerned, my ſweet young lady. I am only ſorry to loſe it on account of my poor father.

Godfrey. If Charles were not your brother, his greedineſs ſhould coſt him dear; but Jonas's father muſt not be a loſer however.

ever. My dear Sophia, lend me that ſix-pence that you were going to pay for me juſt now.

Sophia. No, couſin, I will have the merit of it all to myſelf. (*to Jonas.*) There, my lad, is ſix-pence; buy another cake for your father. (*Charlotte and Amelia feel in their purſes.*)

Charlotte. Hold, here are ſome more halfpence.

Amelia. Take this too.

Jonas. Oh dear, no; this is too much.

Godfrey. (*taking him by the hand affectionately.*) How unhappy I am not to have any thing more to give you! But I am an orphan, and ſubſiſt like you upon the generoſity of others.

Jonas. (*to Godfrey.*) I wiſh that you had not brought me here, or that you would take back your money.

Godfrey. Do not be uneaſy as to me. Farewel. Go and try to earn ſomething elſewhere.

Jonas. (*to Sophia, as he is going.*) But, take your handkerchief, my good young lady.

Sophia.

Sophia. No, keep it if you have occaſion for it.

Jonas. May heaven preſerve you all in good health, and make you ſtill more amiable than you are. (*goes out.*)

SCENE IX.

Sophia, Charlotte, Amelia, and Godfrey.

Sophia. Can you imagine any thing more ſhameful than the behaviour of Charles?

Amelia. He ſhould not play theſe pranks if I were his ſiſter.

Charlotte. I am ſorry he has deſtroyed all the pleaſure that we had in doing a ſervice to this poor little boy.

Amelia. However, he is not ill off at preſent; the cake has been pretty well made up to him.

Godfrey. Very true; thanks to your generoſity. But that does not juſtify the behaviour of Charles. Beſides, poor Jonas might have had the one without loſing the other.

Sophia. It is you, couſin, that have ſuffered moſt upon the whole. You have deprived yourſelf of your ſhare, that my good-

for-

for-nothing brother might eat it. (*a knocking is heard at the door.*)

SCENE X.

Amelia, Charles, Sophia, Godfrey, Jonas.

Godfrey. Here is our little fiddler again. What is the matter, my man?

Jonas. (*crying.*) Oh dear! oh dear! Help! I am ruined. (*The children gather round him.*)

Sophia. What has happened to you then?

Jonas. The whole of my poor ſubſiſtence—all that I had to maintain myſelf and my father—ſee, ſee here—my little violin—it is broken all to pieces, and your handkerchief and your money—all is gone—he has taken it all from me.

Godfrey. Who has broken your violin? who has taken your money?

Jonas. 'Twas he—'Twas he that took my cake.

Sophia. What, my brother? Is it poſſible?

Godfrey. Charles?

Charlotte. It cannot be.

Amelia. O the wretch!

Jonas. Yes, it was he, it was he. As I

was

was going out of the ſtreet-door, he came up to me and aſked if I had been paid for my playing, as otherwiſe he meant to pay me. Oh, yes, that I have, ſaid I, and overpaid. How came they by ſo much money? ſays he. Let me ſee what they have given you. So I, ſilly fool that I was—I ſhould have remembered the cake; but I thought no more of that, I was ſo overjoyed to carry home ſo much money to my father. Beſides I had not counted it, and was deſirous to know the ſum. So I laid my fiddle down on the ground beſide me, and took out the handkerchief. See here, ſaid I to him, what I got more than was promiſed me at firſt; one of the young miſſes gave it me. I had tied up all my money in the handkerchief, and was going to undo the knot, when he ſnatched at it. I gueſſed his roguery. So he pulled one way and I another, when all at once, ſeeing where my fiddle lay on the ground, he ſtamped on it with both his feet. I looſed my hold and let go the handkerchief, and ſo he got it from me and ran away. Both my fiddle and the bow are broke, and now I have neither handkerchief nor money. O

my

my father! my poor father! What will become of us?

Sophia. Why really I do not know.—I have nothing more in the world. O couſin!

Charlotte. Here are ſome few halfpence. It is all that I have about me.

Jonas. My ſweet miſs, I thank you; but that will not buy me a fiddle. O my poor father! he had it more than fifteen years.

Amelia. Take this too. It is the very laſt farthing I have.

Sophia. (*runs to her drawer.*) Here is my thimble; it is gold. Run and ſell it, my poor little man. I have an ivory one that will ſerve me.

Godfrey. No; keep your thimble, couſin. Stop, my boy, I can aſſiſt you. (*Takes out his buckles, and gives them to him.*) I have another pair of pinchbeck. You will certainly get twelve ſhillings for theſe. I can give them away, for they are my own. My godfather made me a preſent of them for my birth-day.—(*Sophia offers him her thimble, and Godfrey his buckles. Jonas heſitates.*)

Jonas. No; I will have none of them. My

My father would think that I had ſtolen them.

Sophia. Take my thimble at leaſt.

Godfrey. Wont you take my buckles? you will make me angry. Take them I ſay.

Jonas. Oh dear, would you have me deprive you of your ornaments?

Godfrey. Do not be uneaſy about that. God will repay me, perhaps, more than I give you. Your father wants bread. I have no father to maintain.

Sophia. Go, go, and take care of yourſelf.

Jonas. At leaſt take back your thimble.

Sophia. No; it is not mine now.

Charlotte. If you ever paſs our way, I will do ſomething for you.

Amelia. 'Tis in —— Square; any body will ſhew you Mr. Richmond's.

Jonas. Oh! great folks ſeldom aſk me into their houſes. I am ſometimes, perhaps, taken down into the kitchen.

Sophia. Well, enough of this. Your father probably is uneaſy on your account, and ours may return very ſoon.

Jonas.

Jonas. How, miſs! your papa? Do you expect him ſoon?

Sophia. Yes, go your ways, elſe the rogue who took your handkerchief and money may take this from you too.

Jonas. But I hope you are very ſure not to be ſcolded.

Godfrey. No, no, never fear. Good bye!

Jonas. (*As he goes out.*) The good-natured little ſouls!

SCENE XI.

Sophia, Charlotte, Amelia, Godfrey.

Charlotte. I am very ſorry that you have deprived yourſelf of your buckles, Maſter Godfrey.

Amelia. You have ſet us a good example.

Godfrey. I only followed that of Sophia. I ſhould be happy in the opportunity of doing a good action if it had not been furniſhed by the mean behaviour of Charles. With what pleaſure ſhall I now look at my pinchbeck buckles!

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Godfrey, Jonas.

(*The children get close together. Sophia and Godfrey cast a side look at Jonas, and whisper each other.*)

Mr. Melf. (*to the Miss Richmonds.*) Your servant, ladies! I thank you for the honour that you have done my daughter. But give me leave to hear, in your presence, what this boy has to say. He was waiting for me upon the stairs, and cannot leave me, he says, until he has spoken to me before you—(*to Jonas*) Come, what have you to say?

Jonas. (*to Sophia and Godfrey.*) My good young master and miss, I beg you, for heaven's sake, not to be angry with me; but I cannot help speaking, and it would be ill done of me to keep what you have made me take, without the consent of your papa. I know very well that children have nothing of their own to give away.

Mr. Melf. What is all this?

Jonas. I am going to tell you, sir. This young

young maſter called me from his window to come in and play upon my violin for theſe ladies. There was another little gentleman too along with them, very handſome, but a very ill-natured rogue.

Mr. Melf. What! my ſon?

Jonas. I beg pardon. What word eſcaped me. Well; I played my beſt, what tunes I knew, and this good little company were ſo kind as to beſtow me a piece of cake, with a handkerchief to wrap it up, and almoſt a handful of money beſides. I do not know how much.

Mr. Melf. Well?

Jonas. Well, that ill-natured little gentleman took away the cake, which I was intending to carry to my poor father who is blind. That I could have borne; but he ſlips out of the room, and when I was going away quite overjoyed with my little bundle, he watches me in the paſſage, takes the handkerchief with all the money from me by force, and breaks my violin in pieces. Look ye, there it is, (*crying.*) All my riches, that ſupported me and my father.

Mr. Melf. Is it poſſible? Such a malicious

licious ill-natured action! — What! my ſon?—

Charlotte. His behaviour in every thing elſe makes this very probable. Aſk Sophia herſelf.

Mr. Melf. Go, my man, do not be afflicted: I will indemnify you. But is that all?

Jonas. No, ſir; only hear me. Being in ſuch trouble, I returned to tell theſe good little gentlefolks the whole affair. They had not money enough to pay for the damage: ſo this pretty miſs gives me her gold thimble, and this young gentleman his ſilver buckles. I could not poſſibly keep them: my father would have thought that I had ſtolen them. I knew you were coming home, ſo I waited to return them to you, and here they are.—But I have no fiddle now. O my fiddle! O my poor father!

Mr. Melf. What an account thou haſt given me! Is it thee, or you, my generous children, whom I ſhould moſt admire? Excellent boy! in extreme indigence, to loſe all; and yet, from the fear of doing wrong,

to run the riſque of letting a father whom you love periſh with hunger.

Jonas. Is it ſo great a matter not to be a rogue? No, no; one never thrives on ill-gotten bread. It is what my father and mother have often told me. If you would only pleaſe to buy me another fiddle, that will make me amends for all. Whatever more the thimble and buckles would have brought, God Almighty will repay me.

Mr. Melf. Your father and you muſt be endowed with extraordinary uprightneſs of heart, not even to ſuſpect the depravity of others! God will make uſe of me as an inſtrument to impart his bleſſings to you. You ſhall ſtay here; and for the firſt you ſhall wait upon Godfrey: afterwards we will ſee what we can do better for you.

Jonas. What! wait upon this little angel of a gentleman. Oh! I ſhould be delighted (*bows to Godfrey.*) But—no—(*ſorrowfully*) I cannot leave my father all alone. Without me, how would he do to live? What! ſhould I be in abundance, and he die for want? Oh! no.

Mr. Melf. Excellent child! and who is thy father?

Jonas.

Jonas. An old blind labourer, whom I ſupported by playing on the fiddle. It is true, he ſeldom eats, nor I neither, any thing elſe but a piece of bread with ſome milk. But God always gives us enough for the day, and we take no care for the morrow: he provides for that alſo.

Mr. Melf. Well, I will take care of your father, and, if he chuſes, I will get him into an alms-houſe, where old and infirm people are well maintained. You may go and ſee him there whenever you pleaſe.—(*Jonas, after an exclamation of joy, runs about the room, quite tranſported.*)

Jonas. O goodneſs! What, my dear father! No; that will make him die with joy. I cannot ſtop any longer, but muſt go for him and bring him here.—(*Runs out. Sophia and Godfrey take Mr. Melfort's hands. They wipe their eyes.*)

SCENE XIII.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, and Godfrey.

Mr. Melf. O my dear children! how happy would this day have been for me, if,

while I admire the generoſity of your ſentiments, the idea of my ſon's unworthineſs did not poiſon my happineſs! But I am wrong; it ſhould not affect it. God has given me another ſon in thee, my dear Godfrey. If you are not ſo by birth, yet you are by the ties of blood, and by congenial worthineſs of heart. Yes, you ſhall be my ſon.—But where is Charles? Go, ſeek him, and bring him hither to me immediately.—(*Godfrey goes out.*)

Sophia. It is almoſt an hour ſince we ſaw him. While the little boy was playing a minuet to us, he diſappeared with his piece of cake.

Godfrey. (*returning.*) He was ſeen going into a confectioner's not far off. I have told John to go for him.

Mr. Melf. Children ſtep into my ſtudy. I wiſh to know what anſwer he will have the aſſurance to make me. When I want your teſtimony, I ſhall call you.

Charlotte and Amelia. Then we ſhall take our leave..

Mr. Melf. No, my dears! I will ſend word to your papa and mama, that you will ſpend the reſt of the evening with us. Probably

bably the generous little Jonas and his old father will be our gueſts alſo. I have occaſion for ſomething to aſſuage the cruel wound that Charles has given my heart, and I know of nothing more ſalutary than the converſation of ſuch amiable children as you.

Sophia. (liſtening.) I think I hear Charles coming.—(*Mr. Melfort opens his ſtudy-door. The children withdraw.*)

SCENE XIV.

Mr. Melfort.

I have long dreaded a diſcovery of this diſgreeable nature, but could never have ſuſpected him of any thing ſo horrid. It is, perhaps, ſtill not too late to correct his vices. Alas! why am I obliged to try a deſperate remedy!

SCENE XV.

Mr. Melfort, Charles.

Charles. What are your commands, papa?

Mr. Melfort. Where have you been? Were you not in your chamber?

Charles. Our tutor is gone out. Godfrey was below ſtairs. So, after having ſtudied all the afternoon, I grew tired of being alone.

Mr. Melf. Why did not you go, as well as Godfrey, and join the little company that I found with your ſiſter?

Charles. And ſo I did; but thoſe miſſes treated me ſo ill—

Mr. Melf. How? you aſtoniſh me.

Charles. At firſt they drank tea, but without aſking me to have a drop. On the contrary, they ſhewed me all the ſpite in the world. Then Godfrey picked up a little beggar brat in the ſtreet, and brought him to play the fiddle to them. He gave him ſome of the cake that was brought up to them, and me not a bit. They danced, but not one of the ladies would dance with me, though there were three of them, and no gentleman but Godfrey. What could I do here? I went down to the door to look at the people paſſing by.

Mr. Melf. Only to the door? What was it then that paſſed at the corner of the ſtreet, between the little fiddler and you? I have been told that you beat him and broke

broke his violin, and that he went away crying.

Charles. Yes, that is true, papa; and if I had not been very good-natured, I ſhould have got a conſtable to put him in bride-well. You ſhall hear, ſir. When I ſaw him go out, I ſaid to myſelf, I muſt give this poor creature ſomething too for his trouble, for I know that Godfrey had nothing of his own, and a beggar is but ill paid with only a morſel of cake. So I took ſome money out of my purſe which I gave him, and he drew out a handkerchief to put it in. I perceived that it was one of my ſiſter's handkerchiefs; you may ſee the mark. I begged him very civilly to return it, which he would not. So I took him by the collar, and we ſtruggled together, and by accident I put my foot upon his fiddle.

Mr. Melf. (*with indignation.*) Hold your tongue, baſe liar! I cannot bear to hear you.

Charles. (*Drawing near to him, and going to take him by the hand.*) Why, my dear papa, what makes you angry?

Mr. Melf. Be gone, wicked creature, out of my ſight! you ſhock me. (*He calls the children from the ſtudy.*)

SCENE XVI.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Charles, Godfrey.

Mr. Melf. Come hither, my children! I will ſee none but thoſe who merit my affection. As for you, quit my preſence for ever. But ſtop. You ſhall receive your ſentence firſt. (*To Sophia and Godfrey.*) You have heard his charges againſt you.

Sophia. Yes, papa; and if it were not neceſſary for our own juſtification, I would ſay not a word againſt him, for fear of increaſing your anger.

Charles. Do not believe any thing that ſhe will tell you.

Mr. Melf. Be ſilent. I have already had a proof of thy deteſtable falſhood. Lying is the high road to theft and murder. You have already committed the firſt crime, and perhaps want only ſtrength to attempt the other. Go on, Sophia.

Sophia.

Sophia. In the firſt place, he has done no buſineſs at all this afternoon. It was Godfrey that wrote his tranſlation for him.

Mr. Melf. Is this true?

Godfrey. I cannot deny it.

Sophia. Then he ſpilt a diſh of tea upon Amelia's ſlip; and while we were buſy in wiping it, he remained at table, and emptied the tea-pot. There was not a drop left for us. Theſe young ladies are witneſſes (*pointing to the Miſs Richmonds.*) As for the cake—

Mr. Melf. That is enough. All your baſeneſs is diſcovered. Go up into your chamber for this day; to-morrow morning I will put you out of the houſe. I will give you time enough to amend before you return, and if that experiment does not ſucceed, there are not wanting methods to diſpoſe of incorrigible reprobates, who diſturb ſociety by their miſdeeds. Godfrey, tell John to ſee that he keeps his room. You will give orders in the mean time that your tutor be ſent to me as ſoon as he returns.

Sophia and Godfrey. (*interceding for him.*) Dear papa!—Dear uncle!

Mr. Melf. I will not hear a word in his favour. He who is capable of taking from the poor by force the earnings of his induſtry, of breaking the inſtrument of his livelihood, and of ſeeking to juſtify ſuch actions by falſehood and calumny, ſhould be turned out of the ſociety of men. I thank God that he has left me ſtill two ſuch excellent children as you. You ſhall be my conſolation henceforward, and with you I will endeavour to make myſelf as happy this evening as the father of ſo unprincipled a ſon can be.

THE YOUNG SPARROWS.

LITTLE Robert one day perceived a ſparrow's neſt under the eaves of the houſe, and running immediately for his ſiſters to inform them of his diſcovery, they all contrived together how to get the little covey into their poſſeſſion. It was agreed to wait until the young ones ſhould be fledged; that then Robert ſhould raiſe a

ladder againſt the wall, and his ſiſter hold it faſt helow, while he climbed up for the neſt. When they thought the little birds ſufficiently feathered, they made ready to put their deſign in execution. It ſucceeded perfectly, and they found three young ones in the neſt. The old birds ſent forth piteous cries on ſeeing their little ones, whom they had nouriſhed with ſo much care, taken from them; but Robert and his ſiſters were ſo overjoyed, that they did not pay the leaſt attention to their complaints.

They were at firſt ſomething puzzled what to do with their priſoners. Auguſta, the youngeſt, being of a mild and compaſſionate diſpoſition, was for having them put into a cage: ſhe promiſed to take the charge of them upon herſelf, and to feed them regularly every day: ſhe deſcribed in a lively manner to her brother and ſiſter, the pleaſure that they ſhould have in ſeeing and hearing thoſe young birds when full-grown. This was oppoſed by Robert: he maintained that it was better to pluck them juſt as they were, and that it would be much more *funny* to look at them jumping about in the room without feathers,

than to ſee them diſmally ſhut up in a cage. Charlotte, the eldeſt, declared herſelf of the ſame opinion as Auguſta, but Robert perſiſted in his own.

At laſt the two little girls, ſeeing that their brother would not give up the point, and that beſides he had the neſt in his poſſeſſion, agreed to whatever he deſired. But he had not waited for their conſent to begin his execution. The firſt was already plucked. There is one ſtript, ſays he, ſetting it on the ground. In a moment, all all the little family were deprived of their tender feathers. The poor things cried, *peep! peep!* and complained very piteouſly; they ſhuddered with the cold, and ſhook their bare little wings. But Robert, inſtead of pitying their ſufferings, did not end his perſecutions there: he puſhed them with his toe to make them go on, and whenever they tumbled over he burſt out a laughing; and at laſt his ſiſters joined in the laugh with him.

While they were indulging this cruel amuſement, they ſaw at a diſtance their tutor coming towards them. Mum! Each pocketed a bird, and was ſlinking off.

"Well,

"Well, cried their tutor to them, where are you going? Come hither!" This order obliged them to ſtop. They advanced ſlowly, with their eyes fixed on the ground.

The Tutor. Why do you run away at my coming?

Rob. We were only playing.

The Tutor. You know, I do not debar you of amuſement, and indeed I am never ſo happy as when I ſee you all merry.

Rob. We were afraid that you were coming to ſcold us.

The Tutor. Do I ever ſcold you for taking an innocent diverſion? I ſee you have done ſomething amiſs. Why have you each your hand in your pocket? I muſt know the reaſon. Shew me each your hand, and what you have in it. (*They ſhewed each their hand, with a bird plucked.*)

The Tutor, (*with an emotion of pity and indignation.*) And who could give you the idea of treating theſe poor little creatures thus?

Rob. Why, it is ſo droll to ſee ſparrows jump without feathers.

The Tutor. You think it very droll to ſee

ſee innocent creatures ſuffer, and to hear their cries when in pain?

Rob. No, ſir; I did not think it put them to pain.

The Tutor. Did'nt you? Come hither: I will convince you it did. (*He plucks a few hairs out of Robert's head.*)

Rob. Oh! Oh!

The Tutor. Does that hurt you?

Rob. Do you think it does not, to pluck one's hairs?

The Tutor. Pſhaw! there are only a dozen.

Rob. But that is too much.

The Tutor. What would it be then, were one to pluck out all your hair ſo? Have you a notion of the pain that you would feel? And yet you have put theſe birds to the very ſame torture, though they never did you any harm. And you, young ladies, you that ſhould be more tender-hearted, did you ſuffer this?

The two little miſſes were ſtanding by ſilent, but hearing theſe laſt words, and feeling the keenneſs of the rebuke, they ſat down with their eyes ſwimming in tears.

tears. The tutor remarking their ſorrow, was touched with it and ſaid no more to them.

Robert did not cry, and endeavoured to juſtify himſelf thus: I could not think that I did them any harm. They ſung all the while, and they clapped their wings as if they were pleaſed.

The Tutor. Do you call their cries ſinging? But why ſhould they ſing?

Rob. I ſuppoſe to call their father and mother.

The Tutor. No doubt. And when their cries ſhould have brought them, what did the young ones mean to tell them by clapping their wings?

Rob. I cannot ſay exactly; perhaps to aſk their help.

The Tutor. Juſt ſo. Therefore, if thoſe birds could have expreſſed themſelves in our ſpeech, you would have heard them cry, "Ah! father and mother ſave us! We have unhappily fallen into the hands of cruel children who have plucked all our feathers. We are cold, and in pain. Come, warm us and cure us, or we ſhall die."

The little girls could hold out no longer; they

they ſobbed and hid their faces in their handkerchiefs. "It was you, Robert, that led us to this cruelty. We hated the thought of it ourſelves." Robert was then himſelf ſenſible of his fault. He had already been puniſhed by his tutor plucking his hair; he was now much more ſo by the reproaches of his own heart. The tutor thought there was no occaſion to add to this double puniſhment. It was not, indeed, from an inſtinct of cruelty, but purely from want of thought, that Robert had done this ill-natured action, and the pity which he felt from that moment for all creatures weaker than himſelf, opened his heart to the ſentiments of kindneſs and humanity that have animated him all the reſt of his life.

THE CANARY-BIRD.

CANARY-BIRDS to ſell! Who'll buy my Canary-birds! Fine Canary-birds! Thus cried a man paſſing by the houſe of little Jeſſy. Jeſſy heard him; ſhe ran to the

The Canary Bird

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the window, and looking into the ſtreet, ſaw that it was a bird-ſeller who carried upon his head a large cage full of Canary-birds. They jumped ſo nimbly from perch to perch, and chirped ſo ſweetly, that Jeſſy, in the eagerneſs of her curioſity, was near falling out of the window, while ſhe endeavoured to have a nearer view of them. Will you buy a Canary-bird, miſs? ſaid the birdman to her. Perhaps I may, anſwered Jeſſy; but that does not depend on me entirely. Stop a little; I will go and aſk my papa's leave. The man promiſed to ſtop, and ſeeing a bulk on the other ſide of the ſtreet, laid down his cage there and ſtood by the ſide of it. Jeſſy in the mean time ran to her father's chamber, and entered it quite out of breath, crying, Come here, papa! quick! make haſte!

Mr. Gower. And what is the hurry?

Jeſſy. There is a man in the ſtreet that ſells Canary-birds. I dare ſay he has more than a hundred. He carries a great cage full of them on his head.

Mr. Gower. And why does that make you ſo glad?

Jeſſy.

Jeſſy. Ah! papa; becauſe—that is if you give me leave—I ſhould like to buy one.

Mr. Gower. And have you money enough?

Jeſſy. O yes, in my purſe.

Mr. Gower. But who will feed the poor bird?

Jeſſy. I will, papa, myſelf. You'll ſee, it will be glad to be my bird.

Mr. Gower. Ah! I am afraid——

Jeſſy. Of what, papa?

Mr. Gower. That you will let him die of hunger or thirſt.

Jeſſy. I let him die of hunger or thirſt? Oh! no, certainly I ſha'nt. Nay, I will never touch my own breakfaſt, before my bird has had his.

Mr. Gower. Jeſſy! Jeſſy! you know you are very giddy! and then you have only to neglect him one day.

Jeſſy promiſed her father ſo fairly; ſhe coaxed him ſo much, and pulled his coat-ſkirt ſo often, that Mr. Gower conſented at laſt to his daughter's requeſt. He croſſed the ſtreet, leading her by the hand; and when they came up to the cage, they choſe the prettieſt Canary-bird in it; a male, of the

the moſt lively yellow, with a little black tuft upon his head. Who was ever ſo happy as Jeſſy was then? She held her purſe to her father, that he might pay for the bird. Mr. Gower then took meney out of his own, to buy a handſome cage with drawers, and a water-cup of fine glaſs. Jeſſy had no ſooner given the Canary-bird poſſeſſion of its little palace, than ſhe ran to every part of the houſe, calling her mama, her ſiſters, and all the ſervants, and ſhewing them the bird which her father had been ſo good as to buy her. When any of her little friends came to ſee her, the firſt words were, do you know I have the prettieſt Canary-bird in the world? he is as yellow as gold, and has a little black creſt like the plumes of mama's hat. Come, I will ſhew him to you; his name is Cherry. Cherry was quite happy under Jeſſy's care. The firſt thing that ſhe thought of in the morning was to give him freſh grain and the cleareſt water. Whenever there was any cake at table, Cherry had his part of it firſt. She had always ſome bits of ſugar in ſtore for him, and his cage was garniſhed with freſh greens of one ſort or another.

Cherry

Cherry was not ungrateful for all theſe attentions. He ſoon learned to diſtinguiſh Jeſſy; and the moment he heard her ſtep in the room, what fluttering of his wings! what inceſſant chirpings! Jeſſy almoſt devoured him with kiſſes. At the end of a week he began to ſing, and produced the moſt delightful muſic. Sometimes he ſwelled his little notes to ſuch a length, that one would have thought he muſt expire from fatigue; then, after pauſing a moment, he would begin again ſweeter than ever, with a tone ſo clear and brilliant, that he might be heard all over the houſe. Jeſſy paſſed whole hours in liſtening to him as ſhe ſat by his cage. She ſometimes would let her work fall out of her hands to gaze at him, and, after he had entertained her with a ſweet ſong, ſhe regaled him in her turn with a tune upon the bird-organ, which he would endeavour to imitate. Theſe pleaſures, however, became familiar to Jeſſy. Her father, one day, made her a preſent of a book of prints. She was ſo agreeably taken up with it, that Cherry was ſomething the leſs minded. He would chirp the moment that he ſaw

Jeſſy,

Jeſſy, though ever ſo far off; but Jeſſy heard him not. Almoſt a week had paſſed ſince he had either had freſh greens or biſcuit. He repeated the ſweeteſt airs that Jeſſy had taught him, and compoſed new for her, but in vain. The truth was, Jeſſy's thoughts were otherwiſe engaged. Her birth-day came on, when her godfather gave her a great jointed doll. This doll, which ſhe called Columbine, completely baniſhed all thoughts of Cherry. From morning till night ſhe was buſied with nothing but dreſſing and undreſſing Miſs Columbine a hundred times, talking to her, and carrying her up and down the room. The poor bird was very happy to get ſome food towards evening. Sometimes it happened that he was obliged to wait for it till the next day. At length, one day when Mr. Gower was at table, and caſt his eye accidentally upon the cage, he ſaw the Canary-bird lying upon its breaſt and panting for breath. Its feathers were ruffled, and it ſeemed contracted all of a lump. Mr. Gower went cloſe up to it; but no more fond chirpings! The poor little creature had ſcarce ſtrength enough left to breathe.

breathe. Jeſſy, cried Mr. Gower, what is the matter with your Canary-bird? Jeſſy bluſhed. Why, papa, I—ſomehow, I forgot;—and all in a tremble ſhe ran to fetch the box of ſeed. Mr. Gower took down the cage, and examined the drawer and the water-cup. Alas! Cherry had not a ſingle grain, nor a drop of water. Ah! poor bird! cried Mr. Gower; thou art fallen into cruel hands! If I had foreſeen this, I ſhould never have bought thee. All the company roſe from table, holding up their hands, and crying, The poor bird! Mr. Gower put ſome ſeed into the drawer, and filled the cup with freſh water, but had much difficulty in bringing Cherry back to life. Jeſſy left the table, and went up into her chamber, crying, and made her handkerchief quite wet with her tears. The next day Mr. Gower ordered the bird to be carried out of the houſe, and given as a preſent to the ſon of Mr. Mercer, his neighbour, who was counted a very careful boy, and would pay more attention to him than Jeſſy had done. But, to hear the little girl's complaints and expreſſions of ſorrow! Ah! my dear bird! my poor Cherry!

Indeed

Indeed I promiſe you faithfully, papa, that I will never forget him a ſingle moment as long as I live. Only leave him with me this once. Mr. Gower ſuffered himſelf at length to be touched with Jeſſy's entreaties, and gave her back the Canary-bird, but not without a ſevere reprimand for her negligence, and the ſtricteſt injunction as to the future. This poor little creature, ſays he, is ſhut up, and therefore not able to provide for its own wants. Whenever you want any thing, you can aſk for it; but Cherry cannot make people underſtand his language. If ever you let him ſuffer hunger or thirſt again —— At theſe words Jeſſy ſhed a flood of tears. She took her papa's hand and kiſſed it, but her grief was ſo ſevere that ſhe could not utter a word. Now Jeſſy was once more miſtreſs of Cherry, and Cherry was ſincerely reconciled to Jeſſy. About a month after, Mr. Gower was obliged to go into the country for a few days with his lady. Jeſſy, Jeſſy, ſaid he, as he parted with his daughter, I earneſtly recommend poor Cherry to your care. Her parents were ſcarcely got into the carriage, when Jeſſy ran to the cage,

and

and carefully provided the bird with every thing neceſſary. In a few hours after, her time began to hang heavy. She ſent for ſome of her little acquaintance, and ſoon recovered her chearfulneſs. They went out to walk together, and at their return ſpent part of the evening in playing at blind-man's buff and four corners. After that they danced. In a word, the little company broke up very late, and Jeſſy went to bed quite fatigued. The next morning ſhe awoke by break of day, and began thinking on the amuſements of the evening before. If her governeſs had let her, ſhe would have run as ſoon as ſhe got up, to ſee the Miſs Marſhalls, but was obliged to wait till after dinner. However, ſhe had ſcarcely finiſhed it, before ſhe deſired to be conducted to their houſe: and Cherry! —he was obliged to ſtay at home alone, and to faſt. The following day was alſo ſpent in amuſements: and Cherry!—he was forgotten again. It was the ſame the third day: and Cherry!—who could think of him in the midſt of ſuch diverſions? The fourth day, Mr. and Mrs. Gower returned from the country. Jeſſy had thought very

very little about their return. Her father had ſcarce kiſſed her and enquired after her health, before he aſked, How is Cherry? Very well, cried Jeſſy, a little confuſed; and ſhe ran towards the cage to carry him ſome water. Alas! the poor little creature was no more. He was laid upon his back, with his wings ſpread and his bill open. Jeſſy ſcreamed out and wrung her hands. Every one in the houſe ran up, and was eye-witneſs of the diſaſter. Ah! poor bird! cried Mr. Gower; how painful has thy death been! If I had wrung thy head off the day that I went to the country, thou wouldeſt have had but the pain of a moment, whereas now thou haſt endured for ſeveral days the pangs of hunger and thirſt, and haſt died in a long and cruel agony. However, thou art ſtill happy in being delivered from the hands of ſo pitileſs a guardian. Jeſſy would have hid herſelf in the bowels of the earth: ſhe would have given all her play-things, and all her pocket-money, to purchaſe the life of Cherry; but it was then too late. Mr. Gower took the bird, and had its ſkin ſtuffed and hung up from the cieling. Jeſſy did not dare to

look at it: her eyes were filled with tears whenever ſhe chanced to perceive it, and every day ſhe entreated her father to remove it from her ſight. Mr. Gower did not conſent, till after many ſupplications on her part; and whenever Jeſſy ſhewed any mark of inattention or giddineſs, the bird was hung up again in its place, and every body would ſay in her hearing, Poor Cherry! what a cruel death you ſuffered!

THE GOOD SON.

A DRAMA, in TWO ACTS*.

CHARACTERS.

JEREMY GOODACRE,	*a Country Labourer.*
NANNY GOODACRE,	*his Wife.*
CICELY, - -	*their Daughter.*
ISAAC, - -	*her Lover.*
CHARLES GOODACRE,	*a Lieutenant of foot, Son to Jeremy.*
BONIFACE - -	*a Scholmaſter.*

Recruiting Serjeant. — Soldiers. — Country People.

SCENE I.

A graſs-plat before Jeremy Goodacre's cottage. In the middle of it, a large tree, with a ſeat round it.

Iſaac, (alone.)

I Did not ſee her all yeſterday. I have not ſpent a day this twelvemonth with-

* The following is rather an imitation, or paraphraſe, than a tranſlation of the drama which bears the ſame title in the French of BERQUIN. The neceſſity of deviating from the original will be obvious to every reader. The French drama is alſo imitated from the German of Mr. ENGEL.

out ſeeing her. What can have happened? Every thing is quiet in the houſe. Ah! Cicely, can you ſleep at eaſe, while you know how uneaſy I am?—Mayhap ſhe has changed her mind, and loves ſomebody elſe. *(Goes towards the cottage-door.)* Heh! Cicely, Cicely!

SCENE II.

Iſaac, Cicely.

Cic. (mimicking him.) Heh! Iſaac, Iſaac! —Well, here I am.

Iſaac. You ſeem to be in high ſpirits, Cicely.

Cic. Are you angry that I am glad to ſee you?

Iſaac. You did not want to ſee me yeſterday though, or you would have been where you promiſed.

Cic. Well, are you going to ſcold me? Do you think I was was not as uneaſy as you were?

Iſaac. Dear heart! Cicely, are you ſerious? Well, now I am as happy as I was dull a minute ago. But what hindered you from coming?

Cic.

Cic. You know it was the firſt day of the month; and when my brother, at his landing, wrote to father from Portſmouth, he told him that he ſhould hear from him again, without fail, as yeſterday.

Iſaac. Well?

Cic. So father would not wait for the poſtman, but ſent me, about four o'clock, to the poſt-office, for the letter. They told me there, to wait; that it could not be long before the coach came in: ſo I ſtaid, upon thorns. And father, uneaſy at my ſtop, came ſoon afterwards; and before a quarter of an hour's end, comes mother too. You know I could not quit them. So there we ſtaid until dark night, and no coach. I ſuppoſe ſome accident had happened. We came back ſorrowful enough, and I could not leave father and mother grieving by themſelves; now tell me, could I?

Iſaac. No, you are very right. I ſhan't ſcold you. But what is your hurry now? Where do you want to go?

Cic. To ſee if the letter is come yet. Father and mother are terrible uneaſy. They are ſo fond of my brother, and he of them.

Iſaac. Now, Cicely—are you fond of me?

Cic. My brother, that was only a private ſoldier, and is now a lieutenant.

Iſaac. Yea, Cicely, but—

Cic. And has two or threeſcore men at his command.

Iſaac. Ah! your brother is well off.

Cic. How grand will he be in his ſcarlet coat and his gold ſhoulder-knot! Oh! it is a fine thing, Iſaac, to be a captain? Doſt not think ſo?

Iſaac. Ay, I ſhall know it, I am afraid. He'll be aſhamed now, mayhap, to ſee me one of his family, as I have no gold ſhoulder-knot, nor men at my command.

Cic. No, Iſaac, do not make yourſelf uneaſy. My father has lived in the ſame way of life with you theſe ſixty years, and my brother has too much ſenſe to deſpiſe it. He would have been the ſame as you, if he had not chanced to enliſt when he was young. No, he will never look for a huſband for his ſiſter out of her own condition.

Iſaac. Ah! Cicely, how happy you make me!

SCENE

SCENE III.

Jeremy, Cicely, Iſaac.

Jer. Are you come back already? Where is the letter? Let's ſee.

Cic. Father, I have not been at the poſt-office yet.

Jer. And you ſtand there, prating!

Cic. I was juſt a going. Well, I'll run as faſt as I can. Will you go Iſaac?

Jer. Ay, go together; ſo you will be back the ſooner. But don't loiter on the road. And Cicely, as you paſs, you'll tell Mr. Boniface the ſchoolmaſter, to come here and read the letter for me.

SCENE IV.

Jeremy.

How uneaſy I am about the delay of this letter! I could not reſt the whole night. Ah! my dear boy, how the thoughts of you make us glad and ſorry by turns!

SCENE V.

Jeremy, Nanny.

Nan. Well, this letter does not come. I don't know how it is; a dread hangs over me.

Jer. Do not be impatient, my dear! we ſhall hear from him preſently, and ſee him too again very ſoon. I know we ſhall. I am ſure I pray for that every day.

Nanny. He is a ſoldier, my good man, and a ſoldier is not certain of his life a moment. That is what makes me unhappy. Very often, when his letters are read to us, and you imagine that I cry for joy, it is for grief and ſorrow. Each, I think, is perhaps his laſt: and this money that he ſent us at his landing I cannot look at it without a heavy ſigh. As I ſaid to myſelf, it is his pay from the king, the price of his blood; and can we, his father and mother, be happy while we are ſpending it? Oh! I wiſh he were here now.

Jer. We ſhall have him here by and by, never fear. He will come to quarter in

ſome

ſome town, mayhap, near us, and then we ſhall go and ſee him once a week.

Nanny, (overjoyed.) Aye, twice, three times a week, my man. Ah! if that was the caſe, how happy ſhould I be! But who can tell whether we ſhall know him again?

Jer. Heh! I dare ſay I ſhall know my own ſon.

Nanny. What, when he is dreſt like an officer, all over gold lace, with his breaſt-plate and this ſaſh?

SCENE VI.

Jeremy, Nanny, Boniface.

Bon. Good morrow, neighbour Jeremy. Good morrow, dame Goodacre.

Jer. How doſt do, Maſter Boniface? *(ſhaking him by the hand.)*

Bon. Well, you have received news from your ſon? Where is the letter? Let me read it to you.

Jer. We have not received it yet, and I am ſo impatient——

Bon. I ſuppoſe ſo, if it were only to have the honour of receiving a letter from

a lieutenant. But how the plague did he get up ſo high? I cannot think, for my part. Beſides, you never ſhewed me his letter that mentions it: you got the exciſeman to read it for you.

Nanny. Then you did not hear that part, Mr. Boniface? Do, tell him how it was, Jeremiah.

Bon. Aye, come, do tell us about it, neighbour Jeremy.

Jer. Well, Maſter Boniface, the matter was as thus: In that laſt battle—at what d'ye call it—near—I never can think of the name; all his regiment was ſadly mauled; moſt of the officers killed or wounded. My ſon too had received a ball, but never minded it. He rallied about three hundred men as well as he could; *(with vehemence.)* led them up to the enemy fell on with fixed bayonets, checked them ſo much that our people had time to retreat, and at laſt came off in good order at the head of fifty men. His general ſaw the whole, made him lieutenant upon the ſpot, and promiſed to befriend him as long as he lived. —Yes, Maſter Boniface, it is all true. My ſon did juſt as I tell you.

Bon.

Bon. Oh! it is a brave youth. I ſaw that long ago, while he was at ſchool with me. When my boys were at play it was Charley that led the gang; and if ever there was a quarrel, he always ſobered the ſtouteſt of them. It was in him then, neighbour Jeremy. That is all natural to him.

Jer. (laughing.) Aye, by my troth is it!

SCENE VII.

Jeremy, Nanny, Cicely, Boniface.

Cic. (running.) Father! father! here is the letter, here it is; and another Bank-note in it, I dare ſay, for it feels thick.

Jer. My good Charley! I am afraid he hurts himſelf to ſerve me.

Cic. And father, ſome more wine too. The wine-merchant, he with the great red noſe, was at the poſt-office at the ſame time with me, and had juſt got an order to ſend you another hamper full. Iſaac is gone to fetch it.

Bon. A hamper full?

Jer. There will be ſome of that for you, Maſter Boniface. But mean time, we

have a little of the laſt left. You ſhall drink with me while you read the letter. Go, dame, and bring us that bottle and three glaſſes, with a bite of bread and cheeſe. We will make a breakfaſt of it here under the tree. Bring out a table, Cicely. Make haſte.

Nanny and Cicely, (as they go off.) But pray, now, do not read the letter without us.

Bon. Never fear. You know, I cannot read before I break my faſt.

SCENE VIII.

Jeremy, Boniface, Cicely, (who goes backwards and forwards.)

Jer. Open the letter, however, Maſter Boniface, though we won't read it the more for that. And yet I am curious to know what he ſays about the peace, and if he will ſoon come and ſee us.

Bon. Of the peace, quotha? Aye, they talk of it a good deal, but I cannot think it. They recruit and impreſs ſtill as faſt as ever. Why, this morning a ſerjeant with his party came into the town.

Jer.

Jer. What, to recruit?

Bon. Ay, marry. The ſame that ſwears he enliſted Iſaac, your daughter's ſweetheart, at the fair in t'other town. Take care, neighbour Jeremy, he'll carry off Cicely's huſband that is to be, if you do not take care. He is a ſlippery fellow, that ſerjeant.

Cic. (coming near to liſten.) O gracious, are you in earneſt, Maſter Boniface?

Jer. Do not be afraid, child, you know it was all a trick.

Bon. Nay, if you are ſure of that. But come, let us unſeal——What a fine hand your ſon writes! how fair and legible: but he is indebted to me for it. (*He hems, and begins to read.*)

" *Honoured father*—"

Jer. (ſtretching his hand out towards Boniface to hear the letter.) Ah! my good Charley.

Bon. " As our regiment is ordered home, to remain in this country"—

Jer. Heaven be praiſed! Then he will not croſs the ſeas again. How happy my wife will be!

Bon.

Bon. " I hope ſhortly to have the happineſs of ſeeing my family"—

Jer. Oh! I knew we ſhould ſoon have him here.

Bon. " Meantime I cannot give you greater ſatisfaction, than by informing you how honourably I have been treated a few days ſince"—

Jer. (joyfully.) Ay? Let us hear, let us hear.

Bon. " By the general, who politely invited me to dinner with him."—

Jer. My Charley to dine with him? Oh! how the reſt would ſtare! all thoſe great officers! Well? well?

Bon. " He held a particular converſation with me for a long time, and was pleaſed to pay me ſeveral compliments on my behaviour during the war, which were certainly more than I deſerved. In ſhort, he aſked me where I was born, and who was my father."—

Jer. What! the general aſk about me? Well, what did he ſay? let's hear; quick, Maſter Boniface.

Bon. " I told him that you were a poor honeſt labouring man, but that I would not change

change you for any father in the world, notwithſtanding your condition."—

Jer. (*lifting up his hands.*) Heavenly goodneſs! I think I hear him.

Bon. "The general was pleaſed with this expreſſion of my duty towards you, and filling his glaſs, drank your health in the preſence of the whole table, requeſting me to inform you that he had done himſelf that pleaſure, and to aſſure you always of his friendſhip and good wiſhes."

Jer. (*overjoyed.*) Now, is it poſſible, Maſter Boniface? The general? Some duke, no doubt.

Bon. Ay, you hear he drank your health.

Jer. (*runs towards the cottage, and calls out.*) Wife! wife! never mind what you are doing there, but come hither: come quick.

Nanny. (*from within the cottage.*) What is the matter, Jeremiah?

Jer. Nay, come, you ſhall hear; come, I tell you, quick.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Jeremy, Boniface, Nanny.

Jer. (*kiſſing Nanny.*) Oh! my dear good wife, what a ſon thou haſt given me!

Nanny, (ſets the wine and bread and cheeſe on the table. Boniface lays hold on it unconcernedly.) What is the matter good now? I am all over in a flutter of joy. Is he coming home?

Jer. Oh! better than that. He dined with the general, d'ye know, and the general aſked about our town, and about me, and my ſon told him that I was a poor labourer, but that he would not change me for all the fathers in the world. And with that the general drank my health publicly, and promiſed me his friendſhip. (*Nanny claps her hands for joy.*) So now, my dear, we muſt drink the general's health. Come, dame, take you that glaſs, you t'other, Maſter Boniface, and I'll have this. (*Takes off his hat.*) Fill all bumpers. Come, here's a health to the noble general.

Bon. 'Fore George, he does not drink better than this.

Jer.

Jer. Hark ye, neighbour Boniface, you muſt write for me to my ſon, as how I have pledged the general's health in a bumper, and that he muſt thank him from me, and aſſure him that I love him dearly. Now don't forget. Nay, by the rights of the buſineſs, it would not be amiſs, I think, to ſend a civil line or two to himſelf.

Bon. Pooh! neighbour Jeremy, what doſt talk on?

Nanny. But Charley is coming home, is he? we ſhall ſoon ſee him. Eh?

Jer. Softly, child, you will hear that directly.

Nanny. Ah! if he could come before our Cicely is married, it would be a double happineſs.

Jer. Patience, Patience! Maſter Boniface will go on.

Nanny. Ay, ay; pray go on; mayhap he'll tell us ſomething more.

Bon. (*ſitting down again. Nanny goes to his ſide, and liſtens attentively.*) "Invited me to dine with him"—Where did I leave off?—"Drank your health—Requeſting me"—Ay, here it is—"Requeſting me to inform you"——

SCENE

SCENE X.

Jeremy, Nanny, Cicely, Boniface.

Cic. (*crying and ſobbing.*) Help, help, father; here are the ſoldiers.

Jer. How? What is the matter?

Cic. The recruiting ſerjeant is going to take away Iſaac.

Bon. What, and the hamper of wine too, that he is bringing?

Nanny. O my ſtars, this is a misfortune!

Cic. Do father, go and ſee if you can releaſe him. You are his father in a manner as well as mine. The ſerjeant will reſpect you, I am ſure. Every body reſpects you.

Jer. Silly child! as if every body lived in our town. But make yourſelf eaſy; it is not ſo bad perhaps as you imagine. I will go and talk to them.

Cic. Do father, and I will go with you: perhaps we may prevail on them.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Nanny. Boniface.

Nanny. Lackaday! I wiſh I could follow But now, Maſter Boniface, you that can ſpeak like an oration, why don't you go and hold forth to them?

Bon. No, no, dame; my buſineſs is to comfort the afflicted. I cannot quit *you*.

Nanny, (*with anxiety.*) Bleſs me! don't I hear a noiſe already in the town? I hope no harm will happen to my poor man. Do, neighbour Boniface, go and ſee what is the matter.

Bon. Why you would not have me go! what me?

Nanny. Yes. You are a man of learning. You can talk to them ſomething like.

Bon. Ay, ſo much the worſe. Theſe blades would deſire no better ſport than to fall foul of men of learning, like me. 'Sblood, keep to your books, they would ſay to me. And then again I am a little haſty, who can tell what might happen? I ſhould

ſhould never have meddled with learning, that is plain.

Nanny. Come, you are one of our beſt friends, Mr. Boniface, and won't you help us?

Bon. Nay, but have a little moderation after all, Gammer. Think of my profeſſion. I can give you counſels and conſolations in Engliſh and in Latin, as much as you will; but for helping folks, it does not not lie in my way.

Nanny. Well, I could not have expected this of you. I ſee, I muſt hobble after them myſelf.

SCENE XII.

Boniface, (alone.)

Yes, yes! go and puſh myſelf in amongſt a parcel of young ſwaggerers. I have only twenty brats in my ſchool and thoſe young monkies play tricks on me from morning to night. What would I be amongſt a ſcore of great hulking fellows? I ſhould have no rods there to frighten them. I think it is much better to finiſh this bottle, and then I can read the reſt of the letter.

I long

I long to know—(*Fills his glaſs, and reads to himſelf.*) "The firſt of next month?"—Why that was yeſterday. (*Continues to read eagerly.* "The ſecond? To be here on the ſecond of the month?"—Heh! they'll be quite happy. (*Drinks off his wine.*) There is not a moment to be loſt. (*Fills again and drinks.*) I'll run after them, and bring them back. (*Fills and drinks a third time.* The time is precious. (*Holding the bottle up, and ſeeing it empty, riſes in a hurry, as if to run after them, and calls.*) Jeremy! Nanny! They are too far off: they do not hear me. Well, this news will make it up for me with Nanny. It would be a pity to quarrel with ſuch good folks, eſpecially juſt now, when they have got a freſh hamper of ſuch nectar as this.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Jeremy, Iſaac, Nanny, the Serjeant, Country People, (Cicely and Soldiers ſtanding by.)

The Serj. (*to the Soldiers.*) Come, no more of this whining; take him before a juſtice.

Country.

Country People. You won't take the man by force, will you?

Iſaac. Ay, let him, if he dare.

The Serj. You may all talk as you will: this is my man (*Slapping on his pocket.*) Here is my beating order, and that is enough.

Iſaac. Beating order? you have no order to trapan folks.

Jer. (*making a ſign to the country people to be ſilent.*) Harkye, Mr. Serjeant, good words go a great way.

The Serj. Good words? I deſire no other. Let's ſee of what ſort yours are.

Jer. I'll tell you what, ſerjeant, I love my king and country with all my heart; and if the war was not almoſt over, and every thing ſettled, if we were in any danger, and there was a real occaſion—

The Serj. Is this all that you have to ſay?

Jer. Nay, ſerjeant, only hear me.

The Ser. (*leaning on his cane.*) Well, let us hear.

Jer. This young man is my ſon-in-law that is to be; but what of that? If things were as I told you, I ſhould be the firſt to ſay, carry him off. For what can there be

more our duty, than to fight for one's country? Take myſelf too, I would ſay. My head is grey, it is true, and my face covered with wrinkles, but I am neither too old nor too weak to fight as well as another. My ſon's noble bravery has made me ſtrong again, (*with vehemence.*) I will fight as long as I can carry a firelock, and when old age and weakneſs overpower me, I will hearten up the young fellows round me to behave themſelves bravely. If I ſee any of them draw back, I'll throw myſelf in his way and ſtop his flight, or, if he will run, he ſhall paſs over the carcaſe of a poor old man. Yes, upon my ſoul, ſerjeant, I would ſay exactly ſo,—if things were at that paſs.

The Serj. And I would ſay, my good old gentleman,—you don't know what you are talking about.

Jer. (*advancing a ſtep.*) Harkye, ſerjeant, mayhap *you* don't know what you are doing. If you give yourſelf airs with us, we'll find your betters ſomewhere; and if I write to my ſon, that is a lieutenant—

The Serj. You a ſon a lieutenant? But if you had a dozen, I can only ſay, that I muſt

muſt have Maſter Iſaac here, or the ſmart money.

Iſaac. Ay, ay, this is a fine way to come and get folk's money. You a king's man?

The Serj. I do no more than the king does, in regard to your money, except that I take the trouble to come for it myſelf. Two guineas, or he muſt march.

Nanny. Nay, ſerjeant, for pity's ſake—

The Serj. Pity! we ſoldiers have much to do with pity. How would it be if the enemy were amongſt you? No quarter then, but your money or your lives!

Nanny, (ſhuddering.) Oh dear me!

The Ser. No, no, we have not much time for pity. Broken arms and legs are nothing amongſt us.—But come, we are loſing time. Harkye, you muſt find the money, or the man is mine. Come along; march. (*Goes off with the ſoldiers and Iſaac.*)

Jer. Follow him, neighbours, to the juſtice's, if he goes there. I'll be after you preſently. (*Cicely and the country people go out.*)

SCENE

SCENE II.

Jeremy, Nanny, Boniface, (out of breath.)

Jer. Ah! Maſter Boniface, you left us in the lurch.

Bon. What a plague! I have been running after you this quarter of an hour.

Jer. What is the matter, then? you ſeem all alive.

Bon. Matter? the matter is here, gaffer. (*Striking the letter.*) Why your ſon is to be with us to-day, man.

Jer. To-day, Mr. Boniface?

Bon. Only hear. (*He reads.*) "Our regiment is ordered into quarters, and the firſt of next month the company to which I belong will march through your town." Look ye there, neighbour Jeremy; the firſt, that is, one ſhould ſay, yeſterday.

Nanny. Is it poſſible? Yeſterday? and not here yet?

Bon. Stop, ſtop. Hear what follows. (*Reads.*) "Or if not that day, on the ſecond at fartheſt, I ſhall aſk permiſſion of the commanding officer to go and ſee you as we paſs by.

Jer. Then, my dear boy comes at laſt! Wife, I will go and meet him. I'll go as far as the common. I'll ſtretch out my arms towards him, and call to him, My ſon, my dear ſon!

Nanny. Nay, don't leave me, pr'ythee. How can I keep pace with you, being ſo feeble? Then he will think that I do not love him as well as you do.

Bon. Ay, ay, ſtay where you are, neighbour. Only let me have a guinea, quick.

Jer. A guinea? For what!

Bon. To keep the ſerjeant in diſcourſe about the two guineas that he aſks, and then when your ſon comes—

Jer. Ah! right. Here my good friend. Run, ſee what you can do. For my part, I can think of nothing but my ſon at this moment. (*Boniface goes out running.*)

SCENE III.

Jeremy, Nanny.

Nanny. Pray, Jeremy, don't you go and leave me. I could not ſtay behind. You had better get up on this little hill. You will ſee further from the top of it.

Jer.

Jer You are right, my dear. Marry, I am all on fire with joy and impatience.

Nanny, (*while Jeremy goes up the hill.*) Heaven be praiſed, then, my ſon is come home again. I ſhall ſee him once more, after ſo many long years. Dear! how my heart beats! My joy was great when he came into the world, but now much greater. (*She calls to Jeremy.*) Well, my dear man, do you ſee nothing of him?

Jer. (*on tiptoes, holding his hand over his eyes*) Not yet, honey; the ſun dazzles me.

Nanny. I hope all this joy may not be out of ſeaſon. Step down, and lend me a hand to get up. I ſhall ſee farther than you.

Jer. What a duſt! Is it a flock of ſheep? No; I ſee the gliſtening of their arms. They are coming down by yon hill. It is they, my dear. It is they.

Nanny. Do you ſee our boy?

Jer. He cannot be far off. Eh! who is this that comes galloping towards us thro' the town? (*He throws his hat up.*) Huzza! wife, here he comes on horſeback. Our own Charley.

Nanny. Good lack! I am out of my wits

with joy. Oh! I muſt go to meet him. Gracious! here he comes.

SCENE IV.

Jeremy, Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre.

Lieut. Goodacre, (*entering as Jeremy comes down from the hill.*) My dear father! (*embraces his father and mother.*)

Jer. Ah! my good ſon. God bleſs thee, my dear boy! The ſight of you makes me ſhed tears of joy. You have a thankful father.

Nanny. Oh! that you have, my dear child, and a thankful mother too.

Lieut. Goodacre. Why do you talk of thanks, my honoured parents? It is I that have obligations to you.

Jer. No, Charles. I will ſay it before all the world, you have repaid me much more than I have ever given you. You are all my comfort, and the happineſs of my old age. It is you that keep me alive, and prolong my days.

Nanny. We can never make you amends for the happineſs that you afford us.

Lieut. Goodacre. And is it not the greateſt

eſt happineſs that I can enjoy myſelf? It would be none, if your affection did not make you ſhare it with me. Yes, my dear and honoured parents; I have never ceaſed to think of you in every circumſtance of life. When any good fortune has happened to me, I have thought very little of the advantage that fell to myſelf from it. The greateſt pleaſure that I felt at ſuch times, was in thinking of the ſatisfaction that it would occaſion to you. But in no part of my life have I enjoyed ſo great, ſo ſenſible a happineſs as at this moment, when I ſee both your eyes filled with tears. (*Taking each of them by the hand, and looking at them by turns.*) O my worthy parents, I can never ſatisfy myſelf with ſeeing you.—But compoſe yourſelves. I cannot ſtay very long with you now. I ſhall return ſhortly, and ſpend a few days with you. Well, how do you go on? How do you paſs your old age? How do you live? Where is my ſiſter, that I have not ſeen ſince ſhe was in her cradle. Let me ſee her.

Jer. She is a good girl, and gives us vaſt ſatisfaction. We are going to marry her, if you approve it. But I'll bring her hi-

ther directly. (*Going, he returns.*) And yet I am grieved to tell you—

Nanny. But for you ſhe might be very unhappy. Our intended ſon-in-law, my dear child—

Jer. Has been trapanned by a ſerjeant, that luckily is ſtill here. Before he releaſes him, he expects two guineas; and they have been promiſed to him, to keep him on the ſpot, as we were in hopes that you would come in the mean time. How happy it is that you arrived here to-day?

Lieut. Goodacre. Well, go father, and try to bring him hither without telling him that I am here, nor my ſiſter neither.

Jer. Nay, how ſhall I refrain! I would much rather cry out to every body that I meet, He is here, he is here. (*goes out.*)

SCENE V.

Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre.

Lieut. Goodacre, (*looking round him.*) How charming is this retreat! Now indeed I know the place of my birth. Yonder is the cottage that I have ſo often ſighed after. There the great tree, under the ſhade of which

which we uſed to ſit with our neighbours on fine ſummer evenings: and here the hill that I choſe for the ſcene of my ſports. O happy years of my childhood! Of every ſpot that I ſee round me, there is none, my dear mother, that does not remind me of ſome mark or other of your affection. But you ſeem thoughtful.

Nanny. My joy is ſo great, I can hardly give it vent. If I were alone, I could cry for an hour. Beſides, too, I think—

Lieut. Goodacre. What, my dear mother?

Nanny. That you are not our equal now. You are too much above us.

Lieut. Goodacre. I too much above you? Oh! baniſh that thought. Are not the ties of nature the moſt ſacred? Am not I convinced that I cannot be dearer to any perſons upon earth than to you and my father? And ſhould not I in return feel a more ſincere affection to my parents, than to any other perſon in the univerſe? Believe me, I ſhall continue to love and reſpect you the ſame as ever.

SCENE VI.

Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre, Cicely.

Cic. (*enters haſtily to her mother, without obſerving Lieutenant Goodacre.*) What is the matter, mother? Why did my father ſend me here in ſuch a hurry? (*perceiving Lieutenant Goodacre, ſhe draws back.*) Oh goodneſs! an officer!

Lieut. Goodacre, (*aſide to Nanny.*) Mother, is that my ſiſter? (*Nanny makes ſigns to him in the affirmative. He goes to kiſs her.*) What a charming countenance!

Cic. (*ſtruggling.*) Oh! fye ſir, be quiet.

Nanny. What Cicely, to your brother?

Lieut. Goodacre. How ſurpriſed ſhe ſeems? Yes, Cicely, your brother, and I hope a brother that you love.

Cic. Dear mother? what this fine officer? Is he my brother Charley?

Lieut. Goodacre, (*kiſſing her.*) What amiable innocence!

Cic. (*running to her mother, quite overjoyed.*) Oh! mother, we have nothing to fear now. Iſaac will ſoon be releaſed.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Jeremy, Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre, Boniface, Cicely, Iſaac, the Serjeant, Country People.

Jer. (*pointing to his ſon.*) There, ſerjeant; there is the gentleman that will pay you the two guineas.

The Serj. (*ſurpriſed.*) How is this? an officer? (*takes off his hat.*)

Lieut. Goodacre. You ſay, ſir, that you have enliſted this man: where is your beating order?

The Serj. (*preſenting it to him with ſome confuſion.*) Here, ſir.

Lieut. Goodacre. I ſee the number of your corps. What officer commands your party?

The Serj. Captain Marſhall, ſir.

Lieut. Goodacre, (*having looked over the paper.*) Why this is but a copy. Well, I know your captain and think I ſhould know you too. Your dealing with this man does not ſeem to have been fair. I am afraid that you have abuſed the honourable profeſſion of a ſoldier, and looked upon it as allowing you a privilege to ex-

tort poor people's money. I ſhall write to your captain, and meantime ſhall be anſwerable for this man's appearance. (*Serjeant goes off.*)

SCENE VIII.

Jeremy, Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre, Boniface, Cicely, Iſaac, Country People.

Lieut. Goodacre. Come hither, ſiſter: Is this your intended ſpouſe? He is a clever young fellow. I like Cicely's choice very much.

Iſaac. You are very good, captain, to approve it, as I am no more than a huſbandman.

Lieut. Goodacre. And what was my father? Are not you born of honeſt parents?

Nanny. Yes, indeed, my dear ſon, as honeſt as any in the pariſh.

Lieut. Goodacre. Well, I ſhall not be happy unleſs I am at your wedding. I ſhall take all the expence of it upon myſelf.

Country People, (*with a murmur of approbation.*) That is very generous indeed.

Lieut. Goodacre. But do not I ſee Mr. Boniface?

Bon. Yes, captain, much at your ſervice.

Lieut. Goodacre. Ah! one of my oldeſt acquaintances. *(ſhaking hands with him,)* I am ſorry to have made him angry ſo often formerly.

Bon. That is all paſt. The preſent does me much honour. Do you know, captain, that it was I who read all your letters for this good couple? I have ſpread your reputation through the whole country. Indeed I came in myſelf for ſome ſhare of it.

Lieut. Goodacre. Yes, Mr. Boniface, I acknowledge it with pleaſure. Your inſtructions have not been entirely uſeleſs to me in my advancement.

Bon. (*bows affectedly, and riſes with a pedantic toſs of his head.*) Who would think (*aſide*) that I have flogged a captain?

Lieut. Goodacre. Father, do theſe good people belong to the village?

Jer. Yes, child, they are our neighbours, and have been very kind to us in our old age.

Lieut. Goodacre. I am heartily obliged to you, my good friends.

Country People, (approaching familiarly.) How plain he is, and how affable! He does not think himſelf above us. Kindly welcome home, captain. We have always been glad to hear news from you, when you were abroad. (*Lieutenant Goodacre takes each of them by the hand.*)

Jer. Every thing that I ſee of you, my dear ſon, pleaſes me highly, and convinces me that whatever I heard to your advantage was true. You certainly have behaved yourſelf as a worthy ſoldier.

Lieut. Goodacre. I hope ſo, father; and I am indebted for it to your good advice and that of my mother. There is no part of the world, I thank heaven, where my memory is hateful: I flatter myſelf that in many parts it is reſpected. (*looking at his watch.*) But my time is almoſt expired. I muſt leave you, my dear parents.

Nanny. What, already? ſo ſoon?

Jer. Stop a little longer. We have ſcarcely had time to look at you.

Lieut. Goodacre. I muſt abſolutely join our diviſion again. Be aſſured that my heart

heart alone would be ſufficient to keep me here, if my duty did not call me away. But ſhall I aſk you one thing before I leave you?

Jer. and Nanny. Any thing, child, any thing.

Lieut. Goodacre. Well then, my dear parents, come and live with me. You ſhall command my pay, ſuch as it is, in the ſame manner as you ever command my duty and affection.

Jer. and Nanny. My dear ſon—

Lieut. Goodacre. You heſitate? But your conſent muſt be quite voluntary. It would be no happineſs to me, if it ceaſed to be one to you.

Jer. Hear me, my dear child. We are old and cannot live long. Let us die here where we have ſpent all our days. Let us die in our cottage; that ſpot is dear to us, ſince in it you were born. Only come and make us happy with the ſight of you now and then, it is all that we deſire.

Lieut. Goodacre. Oh! certainly, certainly, father.

Nanny. And we, my dear ſon, will go to ſee you in return. They will be days of

of happineſs to us when we ſee you, and we ſhall never ceaſe to bleſs heaven for having given us ſuch a ſon.

THE CHILDREN WHO WOULD BE THEIR OWN MASTERS.

Camillus. AH! Papa, how I wiſh to be grown up! to be as big as you.

Mr. Orpin. And why ſhould you wiſh ſo, my dear?

Cam. Becauſe then I ſhould not be under any body's command, and might do whatever came into my head.

Mr. Orpin. I ſuppoſe, then, you would do wonders.

Cam. That I ſhould, I promiſe you.

Mr. Orpin. And do you wiſh alſo, Julia, to be free to do whatever you pleaſe?

Julia. Yes indeed, papa.

Cam. Oh! if Julia and I were our own maſters!

Mr. Orpin. Well, children, I can give you

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you that ſatisfaction. After to-morrow morning you ſhall have the liberty of conducting yourſelves entirely according to your own fancy.

Cam. Ah! you are jeſting, papa.

Mr. Orpin. No, I ſpeak quite ſeriouſly. To-morrow, neither your mother, nor I, nor in ſhort any body in the houſe, ſhall oppoſe your inclinations.

Cam. What pleaſure ſhall we feel to have our necks out of the yoke!

Mr. Orpin. That is not all. I do not intend to give you this privilege for to-morrow only: it ſhall continue until you come of yourſelves and requeſt me to aſſume my authority again.

Cam. At that rate we ſhall be our own maſters a long while.

Mr. Orpin. Well, I ſhall be glad to ſee you able to conduct yourſelves: ſo prepare to become great folks to-morrow.

The next day came. The two children, inſtead of riſing at ſeven o'clock as uſual, lay in bed till near nine. Too much ſleep makes us heavy and liſtleſs. This was the caſe with Camillus and Julia. They awoke at length uncalled, and got up in an ill-humour.

humour. However, they pleaſed themſelves a little with the agreeable idea of acting in whatever manner they liked the whole day. Come, what ſhall we do firſt? ſaid Camillus to his ſiſter, after they had dreſſed themſelves and breakfaſted.

Julia. Why, we'll go and play.

Cam. At what?

Julia. Let us build houſes with cards.

Cam. Oh! that is very dull amuſement. I am not for that.

Julia. Will you play at blindman's buff?

Cam. What, only two of us?

Julia. Well, at drafts, or at fox and geeſe.

Cam. You know I cannot bear thoſe games that oblige one to ſit ſtill.

Julia. Well, then mention ſome to your own liking.

Cam. Then we'll play at riding on a ſtick.

Julia. Ay, that is pretty play for a little girl!

Cam. We'll play then, if you like, at horſes. You ſhall be the horſe, and I will be coachman.

Julia. Oh, yes! to laſh me with your whip

whip as you did t'other day. I have not forgot that.

Cam. I never do it willingly; but the thing is, you won't gallop.

Julia. Ay, but that hurts me: ſo I won't play at any ſuch game.

Cam. You won't? won't you? Well! let us play at hounds and hare. I will be the huntſman, and you ſhall be the hare. Come, make ready; I ſhall ſet off.

Julia. Pſhaw! I'll have none of your hunting. You do nothing but tread upon my heels, and punch me in the ſides.

Cam. Well, ſince you do not chuſe any of my games, I'll never play with you again. Do you hear that?

Julia. Nor I with you. Do you hear that too?

At theſe words they quitted the middle of the room, where they were ſtanding, and retired each into a corner, and there remained a conſiderable time without looking at or ſpeaking to each other. They were ſtill in a pout, when the clock ſtruck ten. The forenoon would ſoon paſs over; therefore Camillus at length approaching his ſiſter ſaid, "I muſt do every thing that you

you like. Well then, I will play at drafts with you for twelve cheſnuts a game."

Julia. I have no cheſnuts: and beſides you know you owe me a dozen already. You ſhould pay me thoſe firſt.

Cam. Yes, I owed them to you yeſterday; but I do not owe any thing to-day.

Julia. And pray how did you come to be quit?

Cam. Nobody has a right to aſk any thing of thoſe who are their own maſters.

Julia. Very well! I ſhall tell my papa of your cheating.

Cam. But papa has no power over me now.

Julia. If that be the caſe, I won't play.

Cam. Then you may do as you like.

They then went away pouting again to the further ends of the room from each other. Camillus began to whiſtle, Julia to ſing. Camillus tied knots on his whip, and cracked it: Julia dreſſed her doll, and began a converſation with it. Camillus grumbled, and Julia ſighed. The clock ſtruck again. They had another hour leſs to play in. Camillus, in a pet, threw his whip out of the window: Julia toſſed her doll into a corner.

corner. They looked at each other, not knowing what to ſay. At length Julia broke ſilence: "Come, Camillus, I will be your horſe."

Cam. There now, that is right? I have a long ſtring for the bridle. See here. Put it into your mouth.

Julia. No, not into my mouth. Tie it round my waiſt, or faſten it to my arm.

Cam. How you talk! Did you ever ſee horſes have the bit any where but between their teeth?

Julia. But I am not a real horſe.

Cam. Well, but you ſhould do juſt the ſame as if you were.

Julia. I do not ſee any occaſion for that.

Cam. I ſuppoſe you think that you know more about it than I do, who am all the day in the ſtable. Come, take it the right way.

Julia. You have been trailing it about in the dirt all the week. No, I'll never put it into my mouth.

Cam. Then I won't have it any where elſe. I would rather not play at all.

Julia. Juſt as you like!

A third fit of pouting, more ſullen and peeviſh

peeviſh than before. Camillus goes for his whip: Julia takes up her doll. But the whip refuſes to crack: the doll's dreſſing goes all wrong. Camillus ſighs, Julia weeps. This interval brought on dinner-hour; and Mr. Orpin came to aſk them, if they choſe to have it ſerved up. But what is the matter with you? ſaid he, ſeeing them both quite dull. Nothing, papa, anſwered the children, and wiping their eyes, followed their father into the dining-room. The dinner this day conſiſted of a number of diſhes, and a bottle of wine was opened for each of the children. My dear children, ſaid Mr. Orpin, if I had ſtill my former authority over you, I would forbid you to taſte all theſe diſhes, and particularly to drink wine. At leaſt, I would deſire you to be very ſparing of them, becauſe I know how dangerous wine and high-ſeaſoned food are to children. But you are now your own maſters, and may eat and drink whatever you fancy. The children did not wait to be told this twice. The one ſwallowed great bits of meat without bread; the other took ſauce in whole ſpoonfuls: and they drank full bumpers of wine,

without

without remembering to mix water with it. My dear, whiſpered Mrs. Orpin to her huſband, they will make themſelves ſick. I fear they will, my dear, anſwered Mr. Orpin; but I would rather that they ſhould learn for once at their own expence how much one may ſuffer from ignorance, than by a too anxious attention deprive them of the fruits of ſo important a leſſon. Mrs. Orpin ſaw her huſband's intention, and therefore ſuffered our thoughtleſs little couple to indulge their greedineſs. The cloth was now removed. The children had ſtuffed as long as they were able, and their little heads began to be heated. Come with me, Julia, cried Camillus, and took his ſiſter with him into the garden. Mr. Orpin thought proper to follow them unobſerved. There was a little pond in the garden, and at the edge of the pond a ſmall boat. Camillus had a mind to go into it. Julia ſtopped him. You know, ſaid ſhe, that we muſt not go there. Muſt not? anſwered Camillus. Do you forget that we are our own maſters? Oh! that is true, ſaid Julia: ſo, giving her hand to her brother, they both went into the boat. Mr.

Orpin

Orpin drew nearer to them, but did not chuſe to diſcover himſelf yet. He knew that the pond was not deep. Even if they fall in, ſaid he to himſelf, I ſhall not have much trouble in getting them out. The two children wiſhed to diſengage the boat from the bank, and puſh it out towards the middle of the pond; but they were not able to untie the knots of the rope which held it faſt. Since we cannot ſail, ſaid the giddy Camillus, we may at leaſt balance ourſelves. So, ſtriding acroſs the boat, he began to preſs it down, firſt on one ſide, then on the other. Their heads being a little dizzy, it was not long before their legs failed them. They laid hold of each other to ſupport themſelves, and fell both directly upon the ſide of the boat, and from thence into the water. Mr. Orpin flew like lightning from the place where he had been hid. He threw himſelf into the water, ſeized his raſh children one in each hand, and brought them back into the houſe, half dead with terror. They felt themſelves violently ſick while they were undreſſed and rubbed with cloths. At length they were put each in a warm bed: they

they fell alternately into a ſtupor and convulſions: they complained of a dreadful head-ach and pains in the bowels, were ſeized with frequent fainting fits, and in the intervals with ſhudderings, ſickneſs of the ſtomach, and difficulty of breathing. In this deplorable condition they paſſed the reſt of the day: they ſobbed and wept, till at length they fell faſt aſleep through wearineſs. Early the next morning their father entered their chamber, and aſked how they had paſſed the night. Very ill, anſwered both in a feeble voice: we could not lie eaſy in bed, and feel a ſickneſs yet in the head and ſtomach. Poor children, how I pity you! But, added he a moment after, what will you do with your liberty to-day? You remember that you enjoy it ſtill. Oh! no, no, anſwered both eagerly. And why, my little friends? You ſaid, the other day, that it was ſo diſagreeable to be ſubject to the direction of others. We have been well puniſhed for our folly, replied Camillus. And ſhall take warning for a long time, added Julia.

Mr. Orpin. You will not be your own maſters then, any longer?

Camillus.

Camillus. No, no, papa: we would rather be told by you what to do.

Julia. It will be much better for us both.

Mr. Orpin. Think well of what you ſay; for, if I reſume my authority, I inform you before-hand, that my very firſt orders will be diſagreeable to you.

Cam. No matter, papa; we are ready to do whatever you ſhall think proper.

Mr. Orpin. Well, I have here a yellow powder, called rhubarb. It has an unpleaſing taſte, but is excellent for thoſe who have hurt their ſtomachs by exceſs. Since you conſent to follow my orders, I command you inſtantly to take this powder. Let me ſee you obey!

Cam. Oh! yes, yes, papa.

Julia. I would take it, though it were as bitter as ſoot.

Mr. Orpin gave them the medicine, and the children, without making, as formerly, any grimaces, endeavoured each to excel the other in taking it with a chearful countenance. This remedy happily had its effect, and they both recovered very ſoon. After that, whenever their parents would terrify them with threats of puniſhment, they

they would ſay, We ſhall let you be your own maſters! and the children felt more terror from this threat than many others would if they had ſaid, We will put you into priſon!

PHYSIOGNOMY.

MR. Oakley having one day ſurpriſed his daughter Arabella very buſy before her glaſs, they had the following converſation on the ſubject.

Mr. Oakley. Why Arabella, you are dreſt very fine. I ſuppoſe it is to receive or to pay viſits.

Arabella. Yes, papa, I am to ſpend the evening with the Miſs Monktons.

Mr. Oakley. I thought you were going to figure in a circle of ducheſſes. What needs all this dreſſing for friends that you ſee every day?

Arabella. Why, papa, you know—when one goes out, one ſhould not be in a diſhabille as at home.

Mr Oakley. Then you are generally in diſhabille at home?

Arabella. No, papa;——but you know there ought to be a difference.

Mr. Oakley. I underſtand. You mean that you ſhould be a little more attentive to your dreſs. But I thought, as I came in, that you ſeemed buſy in examining your looks, and your figure. Does your glaſs tell you that your ſtudies have ſucceeded? (*Arabella looks down, and bluſhes.*) What is your intention?

Arabella. Papa, one always likes to pleaſe, and—we would not appear ſo as to frighten people.

Mr. Oakley. Ha, ha! then it depends on our choice to pleaſe people, or to frighten them?

Arabella. Not entirely. But I meant—as others do when they ſay, one looks like a fright.

Mr. Oakley. I ſhould like to know what that means. It may be of uſe to myſelf.

Arabella. Why for inſtance; when one is pitted deeply with the ſmall-pox, or has a great long noſe and chin, or a wide mouth.

Mr.

Mr. Oakley. Thank heaven you have none of theſe; but rather, indeed, a ſenſible little countenance. What more do you want, in order to pleaſe univerſally, and not to be a fright?

Arabella. Ah! I can't tell how it is, but I know ſome little miſſes that have very handſome faces, and yet they do not pleaſe me; and I know others that are not counted handſome, and yet I like their faces very much.

Mr. Oakley. Can you truſt me with your thoughts? Tell me thoſe firſt that are handſome and yet have not the good luck to pleaſe your taſte.

Arabella. That is eaſily done. In the firſt place, there is Miſs Bloomer. She has a clear ſmooth ſkin, as white as a lily, with fine blue eyes and roſy lips. But ſhe has an affected loll which makes her ſeem lower than ſhe is; and ſhe hangs her head on one ſhoulder, ſo that her face looks quite another thing. Then ſhe draws out her words ſlowly, as if ſhe weighed each ſyllable, and in ſpeaking ſhe looks at you, expecting you to admire every ſentence. In the next place, there is the eldeſt Miſs Archly; ſhe

paſſes for a beauty, but her looks are ſo proud and ſneering, that when we are a number of us together, we cannot help thinking ſhe deſpiſes or ridicules us. As for Miſs Drake, ſhe carries herſelf with ſo much confidence, and ſpeaks with ſuch an air of command, that a boy would bluſh—

Mr. Oakley. Softly! At this rate we ſhall fall into ſcandal. I would rather hear you mention thoſe who, without being handſome, have found means to pleaſe you.

Arabella. You know Miſs Emily Johnſon? She is much marked with the ſmall-pox, and even has a pearl on her left eye from it; but yet her countenance is ſo pleaſing, that one may read in it good-nature, mildneſs, and complaiſance. The youngeſt Miſs Archly has the ſmalleſt caſt in the world with her eyes, from having had ſomething hung before one eye that was ſore for almoſt a twelvemonth when ſhe was young. She looks to the right, to ſee what is on her left hand. Well, it is nothing when one becomes uſed to it, and we all love her dearly; ſhe is ſo lively, and ſo gay.

Mr. Oakley. You ſee then, outward advantages,

vantages, ſuch as a fair ſoft ſkin, white teeth, a handſome noſe, roſy lips, a fine eaſy ſhape, in ſhort, all the beauties of face or perſon, are not ſufficient by themſelves to make one pleaſe: one muſt have beſides a happy countenance, and engaging manners.

Arabella. Certainly, papa: for otherwiſe I cannot tell how ſome pleaſe me who are neither handſome nor well-ſhaped, and how others are diſagreeable with all theſe advantages.

Mr. Oakley. But can you tell why the firſt have ſomething in their countenances more agreeable to us than the regular features of the ſecond?

Arabella. Becauſe, I ſhould think, one ſees there ſome ſigns of their diſpoſition; and we are apt to think that thoſe who have an appearance of good-nature in the features of the face, muſt have a good heart.

Mr. Oakley. When you were before your glaſs, you ſtrove, no doubt, to throw a little good-nature into your countenance, that people might imagine you to poſſeſs it in your diſpoſition too?

Arabella. Oh! pray papa, do not make game of me.

Mr. Oakley. I do not mean it. But you told me juſt now that you wiſhed to pleaſe, and you owned this to be the ſureſt method of doing ſo.

Arabella. Yes, certainly.

Mr. Oakley. But do you think that ſuch a countenance may not be deceitful, or that one can aſſume the power of pleaſing and lay it down at pleaſure?

Arabella. Yes, papa, I think ſo, for I have heard you and others ſay a hundred times, "I would never have thought that little girl to have ſuch a deceitful countenance.—That man looked like honeſty itſelf, and yet he has deceived us.—Such a perſon knows how to compoſe his face ſo, that one would ſwear him to be poſſeſt of every virtue."

Mr. Oakley. But did we ſpeak, then, of thoſe that we had ſeen often, or for a long time, or pretty near us?

Arabella. Oh! I do not know that, papa.

Mr. Oakley. Or might not this wrong judgment proceed from a want of ſagacity? or from not ſufficiently remarking whether

ſuch

ſuch perſons have always the ſame countenance, or only take it up upon occaſion; or in ſhort, whether they ſpeak and act conſiſtently, and uniformly.

Arabella. What is the meaning of that, papa?

Mr. Oakley. Whether every thing agrees, their countenance, their eyes, the ſound of their voice, all the features of their face; whether any part contradicts, or gives the lie to the other.

Arabella. Oh! there are a good many things to mind in that. And yet I ſhould imagine, if I ſaw any one a long time, and pretty often, and took particular notice of what you have mentioned, I could not be miſtaken.

Mr. Oakley. Ah! child, do not be too ſure.

Arabella. However, I think, I can ſee in my little friends what is affected, and what is natural.

Mr. Oakley. So then you ſuppoſe that you are knowing enough in the art of diſguiſing the thoughts, and that you have judgment and penetration enough, to diſtinguiſh truth from hypocriſy upon a coun-

tenance? Really, I ſhould never have expected ſo much from ſo light a little head as yours.

Arabella. Oh! I have taken notice in Miſs Bloomer, that her prim mouth, her ſtare, her motions with her head, and that drawling tone of hers, are not natural; and that the elder Miſs Archly's proud flouting look, and Miſs Drake's free undaunted manner is not at all affected, becauſe the one is really vain and ſelf-conceited, and the other impudent.

Mr. Oakley. Perhaps they are not far enough advanced in the art of putting on counterfeit looks. However your opinion is, that our averſions and our likings, our faults and our virtues are painted on our faces, and that one can read in a perſon's features, as in a book, what he is in the bottom of his heart.

Arabella. Why not? I never ſaw a paſſionate perſon with a mild aſpect, nor an envious perſon with a ſmiling countenance; nor one who was cruel and unfeeling, with looks of tenderneſs. Only ſee our neighbour, Mrs. Grimſton, how ſhe eyes people as if ſhe would eat them up, and with what a

grumbling

grumbling voice ſhe ſpeaks. Every time that Miſs Artichoke, the old maid, comes here, when mama has company, only obſerve how her eyes go round, to ſee if any lady preſent has any thing new or elegant about her dreſs; and with what looks of jealouſy ſhe meaſures her from head to foot, as if ſhe was hurt at another's happineſs.

Mr. Oakley. Why, indeed, we may pretty ſafely pronounce that the one is envious, and the other paſſionate. But may it not ſometimes happen, that nature ſhould give the ſame perſon a happy countenance, and a perverſe diſpoſition; or, on the other hand, indifferent features along with a noble heart?

Arabella. I do not know, but I can hardly believe it.

Mr. Oakley. Why ſo?

Arabella. Becauſe we may ſee by a perſon's figure whether he is weak or ſtrong, ſickly or in health; and it muſt be the ſame with the diſpoſition.

Mr. Oakley. Well, now I ſhall give you two paſſages from hiſtory, that ſeem to contradict your notion. A certain able

phyſiognomiſt, called Zopyrus, boaſted that from a view of a perſon's ſhape and countenance, he could diſtinguiſh his manners and ruling paſſions. After one day looking at Socrates, he judged him to be a man of a bad mind and vicious inclinations, ſome of which he mentioned. Alcibiades, the friend and ſcholar of Socrates, who was well acquainted with his maſter's merit, could not help laughing at the judgment of the phyſiognomiſt, and taxing him with groſs ignorance. But Socrates confeſſed that he was really by nature inclined to thoſe vices of which he was accuſed, and that he preſerved himſelf free from them by the conſtant exertions of philoſophy. Æſop, that ſlave who was endowed with ſo much wit, had a perſon ſo diſagreeable and deformed, that when he ſtood to be ſold he could prevail on nobody to purchaſe him, until his witty anſwers ſhewed them convincingly what he was.—Here are two examples that ſeem to prove the contrary of what you maintained.

Arabella. Well now, that ſurpriſes me as to Socrates: I have often heard you talk of him with admiration. And as to Æſop too,

too, I have read his fables with ſo much pleaſure. I ſhould have thought them both the fineſt looking perſons in the world. But however, it agrees again with what I ſaid, that one may be ordinary, and yet have I don't know what of wit, ſenſibility, or good-nature, in the countenance.

Mr. Oakley. You are right; ſickneſs or grief may alter the features. But that was not the caſe with Socrates. He owned himſelf that he was at firſt viciouſly inclined, and the features of his face ſtrongly confirmed it.

Arabella. I think his anſwer explains the difficulty. He was born with a bad diſpoſition, but as he had much good ſenſe at the ſame time, and ſaw that paſſion, pride, and envy were terrible vices, he ſtruggled with them and came at length to get the better of them. His heart was purged of his faults, but his countenance kept the marks of them ſtill.

Mr. Oakley. You ſeem to be pretty ready at a reply. Nay, there is ſome truth, too, in your reaſoning. However, I have a ſmall queſtion to propoſe to you.—If Miſs Archly, that proud little miſs, who has a

face, you ſay, expreſſing diſdain and ſelf-conceit, ſhould, from the ſenſible inſtructions of her parents, be convinced of her own folly; or if diſtreſſes and ſickneſs obliged her to endeavour to render herſelf agreeable to others, by being mild, affable, and mannerly, ſo that ſhe ſhould become quite the contrary to what ſhe is at preſent; and ſuppoſe it were the ſame with your other little friends, as to the faults that you find in them alſo; would thoſe marks of pride, affectation or impudence remain ſtill upon their faces? Or when, by continual and redoubled efforts, they ſhould have changed their vices into the oppoſite virtues, would the ſame alteration take place in their countenances?

Arabella. Yes, certainly, papa.

Mr. Oakley. Well, the truth may lie between our different ways of arguing. Socrates, when young, yielded to the folly of his paſſions, and even retained for a long time his choleric temper, ſince he entreated his friends to admoniſh him, whenever they ſaw him ready to give way to it. But in a more advanced age, when he had been inſtructed in the ſchool of wiſdom, he began undoubtedly

undoubtedly to combat his vices, to reform himſelf daily, and to riſe by degrees to the higheſt pitch of perfection in every moral virtue. But then it was too late to new-model his features. The muſcles and fibres of his face becoming ſtiff, the beauty of his mind could make no impreſſion through his countenance. It was like the ſun in a cloudy ſky. Now in childhood, when the features are more tender and flexible, the different movements of the ſoul are in their turns forcibly impreſſed on them. So that if by a reform during that period the virtues take place of the vices in the mind, the outward expreſſion of theſe virtues on the countenance will alſo efface that of the vices. For the countenance may be compared to a thin veil. If you throw it over the head of a fair Circaſſian, and afterwards over that of a Negro wench, you will eaſily ſee through it the florid bloom of the one, and the ſooty blackneſs of the other. I do not know whether you underſtand what I mean.

Arabella. Oh! yes, perfectly from that compariſon; and to ſhew you that I do, I will give you one of my own. I have often

often with the greateſt eaſe cut the letters of my name, or the date of the year, upon a young tree, but I could not do ſo upon an old one: the bark would have been too hard, and too rugged.

Mr. Oakley. Why you ſurpriſe me. But even though your compariſon ſhould not be quite exact, it is certainly true that if we do not take up a habit of virtue until an advanced age, we ſhall appear the leſs amiable in the eyes of others; becauſe our features, long accuſtomed to expreſs our former vicious inclinations, can with difficulty be modelled to repreſent our preſent virtuous ſentiments: and what are we to conclude from this?

Arabella. That we ſhould —— that we ſhould ——

Mr. Oakley. Conſider well before you expreſs yourſelf.

Arabella. That we ſhould endeavour, while young, to have an amiable countenance.

Mr. Oakley. But if we are not in our heart what our countenance denotes, would not the contraſt be remarked? You ſaid juſt now of Miſs Bloomer, that ſhe was not

not what ſhe wiſhed to be thought. So, you ſee—

Arabella. Yes, I ſee that we ſhould ſtrive to be really what we wiſh to appear. So, for inſtance, if we would appear mild, modeſt, reſerved, or good-natured, we ſhould ſtruggle againſt all thoſe inclinations that would hinder us to be ſo in effect, otherwiſe our counterfeit looks will ſoon be diſcovered. For if a perſon be really mild, modeſt, reſerved, or good-natured, the features of his face will ſhew it.

Mr. Oakley. Very well, my dear Arabella, And is not that an excellent receipt for obtaining true beauty, and the genuine art of pleaſing? How unhappy would thoſe be to whom nature has refuſed her charms, if they were debarred the hopes of acquiring an amiable and engaging countenance by goodneſs of heart, and other qualities moſt pleaſing in the ſight of God and man. Therefore, my dear, take my advice; do not go to ſeek in your glaſs for the art of appearing better than you really are. But whenever you find yourſelf ruffled by any paſſion, run immediately and conſult it. You will ſee the uglineſs of envy, anger,

or

or vanity. Then aſk yourſelf, if ſuch a portrait can be agreeable in the eyes of either God or man.

Arabella. Yes, papa; your advice is very good, and I will follow it. But I ſhall reap another advantage from your inſtructions.

Mr. Oakley. What is that?

Arabella. I will look very attentively at every body that I ſee in company, and ſtrive to diſcover by their faces what opinion I ſhould have of them.

Mr. Oakley. No, child, take care how you do ſo. The firſt would be contrary to good manners, and unſuitable to the modeſty of your ſex; and the ſecond would be very dangerous, conſidering your candour and inexperience. To diſcover in the features of any perſon his diſpoſition or way of thinking, requires long ſtudy, repeated obſervations, and a very penetrating judgment. You would find yourſelf continually deceived in your likings or diſlikes. The knowlege of the world will inſtruct you by degrees. At preſent ſtudy only yourſelf, and uſe all the ſtrength of your mind to acquire every virtue, in order to become more amiable and more beautiful.

NAR-

NARCISSUS AND HIPPOLYTUS.

NARCISSUS and Hippolytus were nearly of the ſame age, and had loved each other from their earlieſt infancy. As their parents were cloſe neighbours, they had opportunities of being together every day. Mr. Chambers, the father of Narciſſus, had a place under government, the profits of which were immenſe; but the father of Hippolytus, Mr. Marvel, poſſeſſed a moderate fortune, on which, however, he lived contentedly, and all his views aimed at making his ſon happy by the advantages of a well directed education, ſince he had it not in his power to leave him great riches. To obtain this end, he made choice of means the moſt worthy of his prudence. Hippolytus, at nine years of age, was formed to all the exerciſes of the body, and his underſtanding enriched with many uſeful acquirements. Being conſtantly in exerciſe and motion, he was healthy and robuſt. Always contented, and happy in the affection of his parents, he enjoyed a mild

mild chearfulneſs which communicated its influence to thoſe who had the happineſs of being in his company. His little neighbour Narciſſus was one who felt this happineſs; for the moment that Hippolytus left him, he would be quite at a loſs for amuſement. That his time might not hang heavily, he was continually eating without being hungry, drinking without being dry, and dozing without being ſleepy. So that ſcarce a day paſſed but he was troubled with qualms of the ſtomach, or violent head-achs. Mr. Chambers, as well as Mr. Marvel, tenderly wiſhed his ſon's happineſs; but to procure it he had unfortunately taken the means which were quite oppoſite to his end. Narciſſus from the cradle had been bred up with the utmoſt delicacy. He had always a ſervant behind him, to hand him a chair whenever he had a mind to change his ſeat. He was dreſt and undreſt as if he had not the uſe of his hands. It ſeemed as if all thoſe who were about him only breathed for him, and that he could not help himſelf even to live. While Hippolytus, in a thin linen jacket, helped his father to cultivate a little garden

den for his amuſement, Narciſſus, in a fine ſcarlet coat, was lolling in a chariot, paying morning viſits with his mama. If ever he went to take the country air, and alighted out of the carriage but for a moment, they took particular care to put his great coat on, and a handkerchief round his head, for fear he ſhould catch cold. Accuſtomed as he was to be humoured in his ſlighteſt fancies, he wiſhed for every thing that he ſaw; but this wiſh laſted only for a moment; and the more troubleſome it was to procure him what he wiſhed, the ſooner he was tired of it. To ſpare him the ſmalleſt ſubject of ill-humour, his mother had ordered all the ſervants to reſpect even his follies. This ill-judged indulgence made him ſo whimſical and imperious that every body in the houſe hated and deſpiſed him. Beſides his parents, Hippolytus was the only perſon that loved him and could patiently put up with his humours. He knew how to manage his temper, and could make him even good humoured like himſelf.

How do you contrive to be always ſo merry? ſaid Mr. Chambers to him one day.

I do

I do not well know, ſir, anſwered he. It comes of itſelf. But my papa tells me, that one is never perfectly happy, without mixing a little work with one's play. And I have obſerved it, too, whenever any ſtrangers come to our houſe, and we quit our work to entertain them: I never find my time hang heavy but on ſuch days. It is this mixture of exerciſe and amuſement that makes me always be in good health. I fear neither the winds, nor the rain; neither the heat of the day, nor the cold of the evening; and I have almoſt dug up a whole plat in my garden, before poor Narciſſus quits his bed of a morning. Mr. Chambers heaved a ſigh; and that very day he went to conſult Mr. Marvel how he ſhould act, in order to make his ſon as healthy and as chearful as Hippolytus. Mr. Marvel took pleaſure in anſwering his queſtions, and laid before him the plan that he had followed. The powers of the body and of the mind, ſaid he, ſhould be equally kept in exerciſe, unleſs they are meant to be unſerviceable, as money buried in the ground would be, even to its owner. Nothing can be imagined more prejudicial to the

the health and happineſs of children, than to give them a puſillanimous turn, by uſing them to exceſſive delicacy; and from a pernicious complaiſance, to give way to their whimſical and obſtinate humours. To what vexatious diſappointments will not a man be expoſed, who has been accuſtomed from his childhood to ſee even his follies flattered; ſince of all the warmeſt wiſhes of his heart, he may happen to ſee ſcarcely one accompliſhed, and thus be led baſely to murmur againſt his deſtiny, when he ſhould for the moſt part thank heaven for rejecting his infatuated vows? He added, with tokens of heart-felt ſatisfaction, that Hippolytus would certainly never be that unhappy perſon. Mr. Chambers was ſtruck with this diſcourſe, and reſolved to conduct his ſon to happineſs by the ſame way. Alas! it was too late. Narciſſus now was fourteen years old, and his mind, ſo long enervated, could not bear any exertion, though ever ſo little fatiguing. His mother, as weak as himſelf, entreated her huſband not to teaze their darling. Her huſband, wearied out with theſe entreaties, dropped the ſenſible deſign that he had formed;

formed; and the darling ſunk more and more into habits of pernicious effeminacy. Thus the ſtrength of his body declined, in proportion as his mind was degraded by ignorance. At length, when he had gained the age of ſeventeen, his parents ſent him to the univerſity, intending him afterwards for the ſtudy of the law. Hippolytus being deſtined for the ſame profeſſion, accompanied his young friend. I had forgot to mention that Hippolytus, in his different ſtudies and acquirements, had never had any other inſtructor than his father. Narciſſus had as many maſters as there are different accompliſhments to acquire; and he remembered a few of the terms uſed by each of them tolerably well. This was all the fruit of his ſtudies. The underſtanding of Hippolytus, on the contrary, was like a garden whoſe airy ſituation every where admits the kindly rays of the ſun, and in which every ſeed, by a judicious cultivation, comes rapidly to its growth. Already well inſtructed, he earneſtly deſired freſh knowledge. His diligence and good behaviour afforded a pattern for imitation to his companions. His mild temper, his lively

lively apprehenſions and joyous humour, made his company ſtrongly attracting. Every body loved him, and every body wiſhed to be his friend. Narciſſus at firſt was happy to be in the ſame lodging with him. But very ſoon his pride, mortified by the eſteem that Hippolytus had acquired, would not ſuffer him to be longer a witneſs to it. He therefore ſeparated from him upon a frivolous pretence. Being now left to himſelf, and his own vitiated taſte, he ſighed for pleaſure, and thoughtleſsly ſnatched at whatever ſeemed to offer her deceitful image to his view. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe to you how often he bluſhed for himſelf, and how from one imprudence to another, he fell at laſt into the groſſeſt irregularities. It will ſuffice to inform you that he returned to his father's houſe with the ſeeds of a mortal diſtemper in his boſom; that he languiſhed ſix months on a bed of pain, and expired in the ſevereſt agonies. Hippolytus came home to his parents, regretted both by his teachers and his companions, and enriched with a treaſure of learning and prudence. With what tranſports of joy was he received by

family! O children, how ſweet a thing it is to make ourſelves beloved by all who know us, and at the ſame time to feel ourſelves worthy of this univerſal affection! His mother thought herſelf the happieſt of women: and tears of joy filled his father's eyes whenever he beheld him. A conſiderable employment in his profeſſion was conferred on him with the unanimous approbation of all who knew his character, and enabled him to gratify his ardent deſire of promoting the happineſs of his friends. And he enjoyed their happineſs as much as they did themſelves. His parents, too, ſhared the ſame generous ſentiments, and lived in affluence to a good old age. He took pleaſure in repaying them with intereſt the attentions which they had ſhewed for him. A wife endowed with beauty and virtue, and children reſembling himſelf, made his happineſs complete. Whenever, therefore, any man was mentioned as being both happy and worthy to be ſo, the name of Hippolytus always occurred firſt to the thoughts of thoſe who knew him.

THE

THE MAN WHO ROSE TO SUDDEN FORTUNE.

ONE fine evening, in the month of June, Mr. Ruſſel went out with his ſon Eugene, to take a walk in ſome of the moſt agreeable environs of the city. The weather was mild, the ſky clear, the purling ſtreams and waving trees lulled them to an agreeable thoughtfulneſs. What a lovely evening! ſaid Eugene, enchanted with the beauties of nature that ſurrounded him. He preſſed his father's hand, and ſaid to him, If you knew, papa, what thoughts riſe in my heart! He was ſilent for a moment, then lifting up towards heaven his eyes, which were moiſtened with tears, I thank my God, ſaid he, for the happy moments that he gives me to enjoy. Oh! that every body could taſte the beauties of the evening as I do! That all mankind overflowed with joy, as I do at this moment! I could wiſh to be king over a large country that I might make all my ſubjects happy. Mr. Ruſſel embraced his

ſon. My dear Eugene, ſaid he, the benevolent wiſh that you have juſt expreſſed, comes from a heart as generous as humane. But would not your thoughts change with your fortune? Would you preſerve in an exalted ſtation theſe ſentiments that animate you now in the middling condition to which heaven has appointed you?

Eugene. Why do you aſk that queſtion, papa? cannot one be rich without becoming cruel or wicked?

Mr. Ruſſel. It does not always happen ſo, my dear. There are ſome fortunate perſons who remember their paſt diſtreſſes, and in whom this reflection produces ſentiments of charity towards the unfortunate. But to the diſgrace of the human heart, a change of fortune frequently alters affections the moſt tender and ſympathetic. While we are unfortunate ourſelves, we think that heaven requires it of all men as a duty to relieve our ſufferings. If the hand of God remove misfortune from us, we conclude all his intents in the preſervation of the univerſe to be fulfilled; and we no longer think of thoſe wretches that remain in the gulf from which we have been reſcued.

reſcued. We have an inſtance of this in the man who comes ſometimes to aſk relief of me. I give it to him with a reluctance that I cannot conquer, though I reproach myſelf for it.

Eugene. Why true, papa; I obſerved that you put your alms coldly into his hand, without ever giving him thoſe words of comfort that you do to other poor people.

Mr. Ruſſel. I will let you judge, my dear, whether he deſerves them. Mr. Lowe was a linen-draper in the Minories. Tho' the profits of his buſineſs were but moderate, a poor perſon never appeared at his door in vain. This was all the pleaſure that he indulged himſelf in purchaſing; and he thought himſelf happy to enjoy it, though he could not command even this to the full extent of his wiſhes. Buſineſs called him one day upon Change. He ſaw in one part of it a number of principal merchants together, who were talking of vaſt cargoes, and immenſe profits to be expected from them. Ah! ſaid he to himſelf, ſighing, how happy theſe people are! If I were as rich, heaven knows, I ſhould

not be ſo for myſelf alone, and that the poor ſhould partake of my abundance. He goes home full of ambitious thoughts, but how can his narrow buſineſs enable him to fulfil his vaſt projects? With tolerable œconomy, it was no more than ſufficient to afford him a decent ſubſiſtence the year round. "I ſhall always be at a ſtand here!" cried he, "and never riſe above this middling condition in which I linger at preſent." A hand-bill, inviting adventurers to purchaſe in the lottery, was at this moment put into his hand. He ſeized the idea with eagerneſs, as if inſpired by fortune; and without minding the inconvenience to which his covetouſneſs might reduce him, he went to the lottery-office, and laid out four guineas, the only money that he could ſpare in the world. With what impatience did he wait for the drawing! He one time repented having ſo fooliſhly hazarded a ſtake, the loſs of which would diſturb him. At another time he fancied that he ſaw riches falling down upon him in ſhowers. At laſt the drawing began.

Eugene. Well, papa? did he get a prize?

Mr. Ruſſel. Five thouſand pounds.

Eugene.

Eugene. Aha! he would jump for joy.

Mr. Ruſſel. He went immediately and received his money, and ſpent ſome days in thinking of nothing elſe. When he had had enough of that, I can put this ſum to a better uſe, ſaid he, than barely poring over it. He therefore enlarged his ſtock, extended his dealings, and by his activity and knowledge of trade he ſoon doubled his capital. In leſs than ten years he became one of the richeſt men in the city. It muſt be ſaid in his praiſe, that he had till then been faithful to his vow, in making the poor partake of his abundance. At the ſight of an unfortunate perſon he remembered his own former condition without being aſhamed of it. And this recollection never failed of profiting the perſon who occaſioned it. Led by degrees to frequent fine company, he contracted a taſte for luxury and diſſipation. He purchaſed a magnificent country-houſe and fine gardens, and his life became a round of pleaſures and amuſement. The moſt extravagant whims he gratified without ſcruple, but ſoon perceived that they had made a conſiderable breach in his fortune. Trade, which

which he had given up in order to be quite at leiſure to enjoy himſelf, no longer enabled him to repair it. Beſides, a habit of indulgence and a mean vanity would not ſuffer him to leſſen his expence. I ſhall always have enough for one, thought he; let others provide for themſelves. His heart, hardened in this reſolution, was thenceforth ſhut to the unfortunate. He heard the cries of miſery around him, as one hears the tempeſt grumble, when ſheltered from its fury. Friends whom he had till then ſupported, came to ſolicit him for freſh relief. But he refuſed them harſhly. Have I made a fortune, ſaid he, only to ſquander it upon you? Do as I do, ſaid he, depend upon yourſelves. His mother, whom he had cut ſhort of half the penſion that he had allowed her, came to beg for a retired ſhelter in a corner of his houſe, there to ſpend her few remaining days; but he had the barbarity to refuſe her, and with dry eyes beheld her die in miſery. This crime, however, did not long remain unpuniſhed. His debaucheries very ſoon exhauſted all his wealth, and deprived him of the ſtrength neceſſary to ſupport himſelf by work.

work. In ſhort, he was reduced to the ſtate of miſery in which you ſee him, and now begs his bread from door to door, an object of contempt and indignation to all honeſt people.

Eugene. Oh! papa, ſince fortune can make men ſo wicked, I wiſh to remain as I am.

Mr. Ruſſel. My dear Eugene, I wiſh the ſame for the ſake of your happineſs; but if heaven deſtines you to a more exalted ſtation, may you never forfeit the nobleneſs and generoſity of your ſoul. Think often of the ſtory that I have juſt now told you. Learn from this example, that we can never taſte true happineſs, without feeling for the misfortunes of others; that it is the powerful man's duty to comfort the ſorrows of the weak; and that he reaps more true happineſs from the performance of this duty, than from all his pomp and luxury.

The ſun was now going to ſet, and his parting beams threw a lively glow upon the clouds which ſeemed to form a purple curtain round his bed. The air, freſhened at the approach of evening, breathed an agreeable

agreeable calm. The birds, in repeating their farewel ſongs, rallied all their powers of melody. The leaves of the grove mingled a gentle murmur with their concert, and every thing ſeemed to inſpire ſentiments of joy and happineſs; but Eugene and his father, inſtead of the tranſports which they had felt at firſt, returned home loſt in melancholy reflexions.

END OF VOL. I.